

THE WHITE DIVEL

OR,

The Tragedy of *Paulo Giordano
Ursini, Duke of Bracciano,*

With

The Life and Death of *Vittoria
Corombona the famous
Venetian Curizani.*

Acted by the Queenes Maiesties Servants.

Written by Iohn Webster.

Non inferiora secutus.

Non inferiora secutus.

LONDON,

Printed by N.O. for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold
at his Shop in Popes head Pallace, neere the
Royall Exchange. 1632.

Handwritten note:
The
White
Dive
by
John
Webster
1632

THE WHITE DIVER

OF THE
WATER

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
GORDON THE KNOTTER
VOLUME I

BY J. GORDON

WHICH BY JOHN WATSON

IS NOW

PRINTED

LONDON
Printed by W. O. GORDON, and sold by
all the Booksellers in London and the
Royal Exchange, 1822.



To the Reader.

In publishing this Tragedy, I do but challenge to my selfe that liberty, which other men haue tane before mee; not that I affect praise by it for, nos hæc nouimus esse nihil, onely since it was acted, in so dull a time of winter, presented in so open and blacke a Theater, that it wanted (that which is the onely grace and setting out of a Tragedy) a full and understanding Auditory: and that since that time I haue noted, most of the people that come to that Play-house, resemble those ignorant asses (who visiting Stationers shoppes their use is not to inquire for good bookes, but new bookes) I present it to the generall view with this confidence.

2. bleake

Nec Rhoncos metues, maligniorum,

Nec Scombris tunicas, dabis molestas.

If it be objected this is no true Drammaticke Poem, I shall easily confesse it, non potes in nugas dicere plura meas. Ipse ego quam dixi, willingly, and not ignorantly, in this kind haue I faulted: for should a man present to such an Auditory, the most sententious Tragedy that euer was written, obseruing all the criticall lawes, as heighth of stile, and grauity of person; enrich it with the sententious Chorus, and as it

To the Reader.

were life'n Death, in the passionate and mighty Nuntius; yet after all this divine rapture, O dura melliorum illa, the breath that comes from the incapable multitude, is able to poison it, and ere it be acted, let the Author resolve to fix to every scene, this of Horace,

— Hæc hodie Porcis comedenda relinques.

To those who report I was a long time in finishing this Tragedy, I confesse I do not write with a goose-quill, winged with two feathers, and if they will needs make it my fault, I must answer them with that of Eurypides to Alcestides, a Tragicke writer: Alcestides objecting that Eurypides had onely in three daies composed three verses, whereas himselfe had written three hundredth: Thou'st self truth, (quoth he) but heres the difference, thine shall onely bee read for three daies, whereas mine shall continue three ages.

Detraction is the sworn friend to ignorance: For mine owne part I have ever truly cherish'd my good opinion of other mens worthy Labours, especially of that full and haughtned stile of Maister Chapman. The labor'd and understanding workes of Maister Johnson: The no lesse worthy composures of the both worthily excellent Maister Beaumont, & Maister Fletcher: And lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy and copious industry of M. Shake-speare, M. Decker, & M. Heywood, wishing what I write may be read by their light: Protesting, that in the strength of mine owne judgement, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in my owne worke, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fix that of Martiall.

— non novius Hæc monumenta mori.



THE TRAGEDY OF PAVLO GIORDANO

Vrsini Duke of Brachiano, and Vittoria

Corombona.

Enter Count Lodonico, Antonelli and Gasparo.

LODONICO.



ANISSE & ANTO. It grieu'd me much to
heare the sentence.

LODO. Ha, Ha, & Demetrius thy Gods
That gouerne the whole world! Courty re-
ward, and punishment. Fortun's a right whore,
If shee gae ought, shee deales it in smal peeces,

That shee may take away all at one swope.
This tis to haue great enemies, God quite them.
Your woofe no longer seemes to be a woofe.
Then when shees hungry. GAS. You terme those enemies
Are men of Princely racke. LODO. Oh I pray for them.
The violent thunder is adored by those
Are pasht in peeces by it. ANTO. Come my Lord,
You are iustly dom'd, looke but a little backe
Into your former life: you haue in three yeares
Ruind the noblest Earldome GAS. Your followers
Haue swallowed you like Mamma, and being sick
With such unnatural and horrid Pusicke
Youe you vp in kennell ANTO. All the damnable degrees

Vittoria Corombona.

Of drinkings haue you, you staggerd through one Cittizen:
Is Lord of two faire Manors, cald you master
Only for Cuiare. *GAS.* Those noblemen
Which were inuited to your prodigall feastes,
Wherin the Phanix scarce could scape your throtes,
Laugh at your misery, as fore-deeming e you:
An idle Meteor which drawne forth the earth
Would bee soone lost ith aire. *ANTO.* Ieaf vpon you,
And say you were begotten in an Earthquake,
You haue ruin'd such faire Lordships. *LON.* Very good.
This Well goes with two buckets, I must tend
The powring out of eather. *GAS.* Worse then these,
You haue acted, certaine Murders here in Rome,
Bloody and full of horror. *LON.* Las they were flea-bytinges:
Why tooke they not my head then? *GAS.* O my Lord
The law doth sometimes mediate, thinkes it good
Not euer to steepe violent sinnes in blood,
This gentle pennance may both end your crimes,
And in the example better these bad times.

LON. So, but I wonder then howe great men tear
This banishment, then's *Pauls Giordano Orsini*,
The Duke of *Brachiano*, now liues in Rome,
And by close pandarisme seeks to prostitute
The honour of *Vittoria Corombona*,
Vittoria, she that might haue got my pardon
For one kisse to the Duke. *ANTO.* Haue a full man within you,
Wee see that Trees beare no such pleasant fruite
There where they grew first, as where the are new set.
Perfumes the more they are chaf'd the more they render
Their pleasing sent, and so affliction
Expresseth vertue, fully, whether trew,
Or ells adulterate. *LON.* Leane your painted comforts,
He make Italian cut-works in their guts
If euer I returne. *GASP.* O Sir. *LON.* I am patient,
I haue seene some ready to be executed
Giue pleasant lookes, and money, and growne familiar
With the knaue hangman; so do I, I thanke them,

And

Vittoria Corombona

And would account them nobly mercifull
 Would they dispatch me quicklie, ANTO. Fare you well,
 Wee shall find time I doubt not to repeale
 Your banishment. LON. I am euer bound to you:
 This is the worlds almes; pray make vse of it,
 Great men sell sheep, thus to be cut in peeces,
 When first they haue shorne the in bare and sold their fleeces.

*Enter
Senate*

Exeunt.

*Enter Brachiano, Camillo, Flamenco, Vittoria
Corombona.*

BRA. Your best of rest. VIT. Vnto my Lord the Duke,
 The best of wellcome, More lights, attend the Duke.

BRA. *Flamenco.* FLA. My Lord. BRA. Quite lost *Flamenco.*

FLA. Pursue your noble wishes, I am prompt
 lightning to your seruice, O my Lord!

Enter Vittoria, my happy sister

See you present audience, gentlemen

(whisper)

broach go on, and tis his pleasure

at all your torches and depart.

Wee are wee so happy. FLA. Can't be otherwise?

You not to night my honor'd Lord

so ere you went shee threw her eyes,

ult already with her chamber-maid

the More, and she is wondrous proud

the agent for so high a spirit.

BRA. Wee are happie about thought, because 'boue merrit.

FLA. 'boue merrit! wee may now talke freely: 'boue merrit;
 what ist you doubt, her coynesse, thats but the superficies of lust
 most women haue; yet why should Ladyes blush to heare that
 nam'd, which they do not feare to handle? O they are pollicicke,
 They know our desire is sincere'd by the difficultie of inioy-
 ing; where a satirity is a blunt, weary and drowisie passion, if
 the buttery hatch at Court stood continually open their would
 be nothing so passionat crouding, nor hot suit after the beuorage.

BRA. O but her iealous husband.

FLA. Hang him, a guilder that hath his braynes perisht with

Vittoria Corombona.

Of drinkings haue you, you stagger'd through one Cittizen:
Is Lord of two faire Manors, cald you master
Only for Cautiare. GAS. Those noblemen
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You haue ruin'd such faire Lordships. LODO. Very good,
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The porsing out of eather. GAS. Worse then these,
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FLA. Pursue your noble wishes, I am prompt
 As lightning to your seruice, O my Lord!
 The faire *Vittoria*, my happy sister
 Shall giue you present audience, gentlemen
 Let the caroach go on, and tis his pleasure
 You put out all your torches and depart.

(whisper)

BRA. Are wee so happy. FLA. Can't be otherwise?
 Obser'd you not to night my honor'd Lord
 Which way so ere you went shee threw her eyes,
 I haue dealt already with her chamber-maid
Zanche the More, and she is wondrous proud
 To be the agent for so high a spirit.

BRA. Wee are happie about thought, because 'houe merrie.

FLA. 'houe merrie! wee may now talke freely: 'houe merrie,
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 most women haue; yet why should Ladyes blush to heare that
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 They know our desire is tinereas'd by the difficultie of inioy-
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 the buttery hatch at Court stood continually open their would
 be nothing so passionat crouding, nor hot suit after the beuerage.

BRA. O but her iealous husband.

FLA. Hang him, a quiller that hath his braynes perisht with

Vittoria Corombona.

quicke-siluer is not more could in the fluer. The great Barriers
mounted not more feathers then he hath shed haire, by the con-
fession of his doctor. An Irish gamster that will play himselfe na-
ked, and then wage all downeward, at hazard, is not more ven-
terous. So vn-able to please a woman that like a dutch doublet
all his backe is shrunke into his breeches.

Shrowd you within this closet, good my Lord,
Some tricke now must be thought on to deuice
My brother in law from his faire bed-fellow,

BRA. O should she faile to come,

FLA. I must not haue your Lordship thus vnwisely amorous,
I my selfe haue loued a lady and perfluend her with a great deale
of vnder-age protestation, whom some 3. or 4. gallants that haue
enjoyed would with all their harts haue bin glad to haue bin rid
of: Tis iust like a summer bird-cage in a garden, the birds that are
without, despaire to get in, and the birds that are within despaire
and are in a consumption for feare they shall neuer get out: away
away my Lord,

See here he comes, this fellow by his apparell
Some men would iudge a politician,
But call his wit in question you shall find
Merely an Ass in's foot cloath,

How now brother what trauieling to bed to your kind wife?

CAM. I assure you brother no, My voyage lyes
More northerlie, in a farre colder clime,
I do not well remember I protest when I last lay with her.

FLA. Strange you should loose your Count.

CAM. Wee neuer lay together but eare morning.
Their grew a flaw betwene vs. FLA. Thad byn your part
To haue made vp that flaw.

CAM. Trew, but shee loathes I should be scene in't.

FLA. Why Sir, what's the matter?

CAM. The Duke your maister visits me I thanke him,
And I perceauce how like an earnest bowler
Hee very passionatelic leanes that way,
He should haue his boule runne

FLA. I hope you do not thinke

Camilla

Vittoria Corombona.

CAM. That noble men boule bootie, Faith his cheek
Hath a most excellent Bias, it would faine iumpe with my mistress.

FLA. Will you be an asse.
Despight you *Aristotle* or a Cocould
Contrary to your *Ephemerides*
Which shewes you vnder what a smiling planet
You were first swadled;

CAM: Pew wew, Sir tell not me

Of planets nor of *Ephemerides*

A man may be made Cocould in the day time

When the Stars eyes are out. FLA. Sir God boy you,

I do commit you to your pittifull pillow

Stuff with horne-shauings. CAM. Brother. FLA. God refuse me

Might I aduise you now your onlie course

Weare to locke vp your wife. CAM. T'weare very good.

FLA. Bar her the sight of reuels. CAM. Excellent.

FLA. Let her not go to Church, but like a hounde

In Leon at your heeles. CAM. T'weare for her honour

FLA. And so you should be certayne in one fortnight,

Despight her chastity or innocence

To bee Cocoulded, which yet is in suspence

This is my counsell and I aske no fee for't.

CAM. Come you know not where my night cap wringes mee.

FLA. Weare it ath' old fashion, let your large eares come

through, it will be more easy, nay I will be bitter, barre your wife

of her entertainment: women are more willinglie & more glo-

riously chaste, when they are least restrayned of their libertie. It

seemes you would be a fine Capricious Mathematicallie zealous

Coxcombe, take the height of your owne hornes with a *Iacobs*

staffe afore they are vp. These politticke inclosures for paltry

mutton, makes more rebellion in the flesh: then all the pro-

uocative electuaries Doctors haue vttered sence last Iubilee.

CAM. This doth not phisicke me.

FLA: It seemes you are Icalous, ile shew you the error of it by

a familiar example, I haue scene a paire of spectacles fashioned

with such perspective art, that lay downe but one twelue pence

ath' bord twill appeare as if there were twenty, now should you

Vittoria Corombona.

weare a paire of these spectacles, and see your wife tying her shooc, you would Imagine twenty hands were taking vp of your wiuies clothes, and this would put you into a horrible causlesse fury,

CAM. The fault there Sir is not in the eye-sight

FLA. True, but they that haue the yellow Iaundeise, thinke all obiects they looke on to bee yellow. Jealousy is worser, her fit's present to a man, like so many bubbles in a Basen of water, twenty seuerall crabbed faces, many times makes his owne shadow his cocould-maker. * See she comes, what reason haue you to be iealous of this creature? what an ignorant asse or flattering knaue might he be counted, that should write sonnets to her eyes, or call her brow the snow of Ida, or Iuorie of Corinth, or compare her haire to the blacke birds bill, when 'tis liker the blacke birds feather. This is all: Be wise, I will make you freinds and you shall go to bed together, marry looke you, it shall not be your seeking, do you stand vpon that by any meanes, walk you a loose, I would not haue you seene in't, sister my Lord attends you in the banquetting house, your husband is wondrous discontented.

VIT. I did nothing to displease him, I carued to him at supper-time

FLA. You need not haue carued him infaith, they say he is a capon already, I must now seemingly fall out with you. Shall a gentleman so well descended as *Camillo*. — a lousy slaue that within this twenty yeares rode with the blacke guard in the Dukes cariage mongst spits and dripping-pannes.

CAM. Now he begins to tickle her.

FLA. An excellent scholler, one that hath a head filld with euilnes braynes without any sage in them, — come crouching in the bams to you for a nights lodging — that hath an itch in's bams, which like the fier at the glasse house hath not gone out this seauen yeares — is hee not a courtly gentleman, — when he weares white sattin one would take him by his blacke muffel to be no other creature then a maggor, you are a goodly Foile, I confesse, well set out — but couerd with a false stone you counterfeit a dyamond,

Vittoria Corombona.

CAM. He will make her know what is in mee.

FLA. Come, my Lord attends you, thou shalt go to bed to my Lord. CAM. Now he comes to't.

FLA. With a relish as curious as a vintner going to taste new wine, I am opening your case hard.

CAM. A vertuous brother a my credit.

FLA. He will giue thee a ringe with a philosophers stone in it.

CAM. Indeeed I am studying Alcumye.

FLA. Thou shalt lye in a bed stufte with turtles feathers, swoone in perfumed linnen like the fellow was smothered in roses, so perfect shall be thy happinesse, that as men at Sea thinke land and trees and shippes go that way they go, so both heauen and earth shall seeme to go your voyage. Shal't meete him, tis fixt, with nayles of dyamonds to ineuitable necessitie.

VITTO. How shal's rid him hence?

FLA. I will put bree in's tayle, set him gadding presentlie, I haue almost wrought her to it, I find her comming, but might I aduise you now for this night I would not lye with her, I would crosse her humor to make her more humble.

CAMIL. Shall I, shall I?

FLA. It will shew in you a supremaeie of Iudgement.

CAMIL. Trew, and a mind differing from the tumultuary opinion, for *que neg. ita grata*.

FLA. Right you are the Adamant shall draw her to you, though you keepe distance of:

CAMIL. A philosophicall reason.

FLA. Walke by her a the noble mans fashion, and tell her you will lye with her at the end of the Progresse

CAMIL. Vittoria, I cannot be induc'd, or as a man would say incited. VITTO. To do what Sir?

CAMIL. To lye with you to night, your silke worme vseth to fast euery third day, and the next following spinnes the better. Tomorrow at night I am for you.

VITTO. Youle spinne a faire thread, trust to't.

FLA. But do you heare I shall haue you steale to her chamber about midnight.

CAMIL. Do you thinke so, why looke you brother, because
you

Vittoria Corombona.

you shall not thinke ile gull you, take the key, locke me into the chamber, and say you shall be sure of me.

FLA. Introth I will, ile be your iaylor once,
But haue you nere a false dore.

CAM. Apox on't, as I am a Christian tell mee to morrow how scuruelic shee takes my vnkind parting

FLA. I will. CAM. Didst thou not make the ieast of the filke-worme? good night in faith I will vse this tricke often,

FLA. Do, do, do.

Exit Camillo.

So now you are safe. Ha ha ha, thou intanglest thy selfe in thine owne worke like a filke-worme

Enter Brachiano.

Come sister, darkenesse hides your blush, women are like curst dogges, ciuilitie keeps them tyed all day time, but they are let loose at midnight, then they do most good or most mischeefe, my Lord, my Lord

BRA. Giue credit : I could wish time would stand still

And neuer end this enteruew this hower, *Zache brings out a Carpet*

But all delight doth it selfe soon't deuour, *Spreads it and layes on it*

Let me into your bosome happy Ladie, *two faire Cushions*

Powre out in stead of eloquence my vowes, *Enter Cornelia*

Loose me not Madam, for if you forgo me I am lost eternallie.

VIT. Sir in the way of pittie I wish you hart-hole.

BRA. You are a sweet Phisition.

VIT. Sure Sir a loathed crueltie in Ladyes

Is as to Doctors many funeralls: It takes away their credit.

BRA. Excellent Creature.

Wee call the cruell fayre, what name for you

That are so mercifull? ZAN. See now they close.

FLA. Most happie vnion.

COR. My feares are false vpon me, oh my heart!

My sonne the pandar: now I find our house

Sinking to ruine. Earth-quakes leaue behind,

Where they haue tyrannised, iron, or lead, or stone,

But woe to ruine violent lust leaues none

BRA. What valew is this Iewell VIT. Tis the ornament
Of a weake fortune.

BRA. In sooth ile haue it; nay I will but change

My

Vittoria Corembona.

My Jewell for your Jewell. **FLAM.** Excellent,
His Jewell for her Jewell, well put in Duke.

BRAC. Nay let me see you weare it. **VIT.** Heare sir.

BRAC. Nay lower, you shall weare my Jewell lower.

FLAM. That's better she must weare his Jewell lower.

VIT. To passe away the time I'll tell your grace,
A dreame I had last night. **BRAC.** Most wishedly.

VIT. A foolish idle dreame,
Me thought I walkt about the mid of night,
Into a Church-yard, where a goodly *En* Tree
Spred her large roote in ground; vnder that *En*,
As I sat sadly leaning on a graue,
Checkered with crosse-sticks, their came stealing in
Your Dutchesse and my husband; one of them
A picax bore, th' other a Rusty spade,
And in rough termes they gan to challenge me,
About this *En*. **BRAC.** That Tree.

VIT. This harmelesse *En*:
They told me my entent was to root vp
That well-growne *En*, and plant it with steed of it
A withered blacke-thorne, and for that they vow'd
To bury me aliue: my husband straight
With picax gan to dig, and your fell Dutchesse
With shouell, like a fury, voyded out
The earth & scattered bones, Lord how me thought
I trembled; and yet for all this terror
I could not pray. **FLAM.** No the diuell was in your dreame.

VIT. When to my rescue there arose me thought
A whirlwind, which let fall a massy arme
From that strong plant,
And both were stricke dead by that sacred *En*.
In that base shallow graue that was their due.

FLAM. Excellent Diuell.
Shee hath taught him in a dreame
To make away his Dutchesse and her husband.

BRAC. Sweetly shall I interpret this your dreame;
You are lodged within his armes who shall protect you,

Vittoria Corombona.

From all the feauers of a iealous husband;
From the poore enuy of our flegmaticke Dutcheffe,
I'le seate you aboue law and aboue scandall,
Giue to your thoughts the inuention of delight
And the fruition, nor shall gouernment
Diuide me from you longer then a care
To keepe you great: you shall to me at once,
Be Dukedome, health, wife, children, friends and all.

COR. Woe to light hearts they still forerun our fall.

FLAM. What fury rais'd thee vp? away, away *Exit Zanche.*

COR. What make you heare my Lord this dead of night?
Neuer dropt in dew on a flower here, tell now.

FLAM. I pray will you go to bed then,
Least you be blasted. COR. O that this faire garden,
Had all poysoned hearbes of *Thessaly*,
At first bene planted, made a nursery
For witch-craft; rather a buriall plot,
For both your Honours. VIT. Dearest mother heare me.

COR. O thou dost make my brow bend to the earth,
Sooner then nature, see the curse of children
In life they keepe vs frequently in teares,
And in the cold graue leaues vs in pale feares.

BRAC. Come, come, I will not heare you.

VIT. Deere my Lord.

COR. Where is thy Dutcheffe now adulterous Duke?
Thou little dream'd'st this night shee is come to *Rome*.

FLAM. How? come to *Rome*, VIT. The Dutcheffe,

BRAC. She had bene better,

COR. The liues of Princes should like dyals moue,
Whole regular example is so strong,
They make the times by them go right or wrong.

FLAM. So, haue you done. COR. Vnfortunate *Camillo*.

VIT. I do protest if any chaste deniall,
If anything but bloud could haue alayed
His long suite to me.

COR. I will ioyne with thee,
To the most wofull end ere mother kneel'd,

Vittoria Corombona.

If thou dishonour thus thy husbands bed,
Bee thy life short as are the funerall teares
In great mens. BRAC. Fye, fye, the womāns mad.

COR. Bee thy act *Iudas-like* betray in kissing,
Maicst thou be enuied during his short breath,
And pittied like a wretch after this death.

VIT. O me accurst.

Exit Vittoria

FLAM. Are you out of your wits, my Lord
Ile fetch her backe againe? BRAC. No Ile to bed.
Send Doctor *Iulio* to me presently,
Vncharitable woman thy rash tongue
Hath rais'd a fearefull and prodigious storme,
Bee thou the cause of all ensuing harme:

Exit Brachiano.

FLAM. Now, you that stand so much vpon your honour,
Is this a fitting time a night thinke you,
To send a Duke home without ere a man:
I would faine know where lies the masse of wealth
Which you haue whoorded for my maintenance,
That I may beare my beard out of the leuell
Of my Lords Stirrop. COR. What? because we are poore,
Shall we be vicious? FLAM. Pray what meanes haue you
To keepe me from the gallies, or the gallows?
My father prou'd himselfe a Gentleman,
Sold al's land, and like a fortunate fellow,
Died ere the money was spent. You brought me vp,
At *Padua* I confesse, where I protest
For want of meanes, the Vniuersity iudge me,
I haue bene faine to heele my Tutors stockings
At least seuen yeares: Conspiring with a beard
Made me a Graduate, then to this Dukes seruice,
I visited the Court, whence I return'd:
More courteous, more lletcherous by farre,
Bnt not a suite the richer, and shall I
Hauing a path so open and so free
To my preferment, still retaine your milke
In my pale forehead, no this face of mine
Ile arme and fortessie with lusty wine,

Vittoria Corombona.

*Gainst shame and blushing.

COR. O that I ne're had borne thee,

FLAM. So would I.

I would the common'st Courtezan in *Rome*,

Had bene my mother rather than thy selfe.

Nature is very pittfull to whoores

To giue them but few children, yet those children

Plurality of fathers, they are sure

They shall not want. Go, go,

Complaine vnto my great Lord Cardinall,

Yet may be he will iustifie the act.

Lycurgus wondred much men would prouide

Good stations for their Mares, and yet would suffer

Their faire wiues to be barren,

COR. Misery of miseries.

Exit Cornelia.

FLAM. The Dutchesse come to Court, I like not that,

Wee are ingag'd to mischief and must on,

As Riuers to finde out the Ocean

Flow with crooke bendings beneath forced bankes,

Or as wee see to aspire some mountaines top.

The way ascends not straight, but Imitates

The futtle fouldings of a Winters snake,

So who knowes policy and her true aspect,

Shall finde her waies winding and indirect. *Exit.*

Enter Francisco de Medicis, Cardinall Mountcelso, Marcello,

Isabella, young Giouanni, with little Iaques the Moore.

FRAN. Haue you not seene your husband since you arriued?

ISAB. Not yet sir. FRAN. Surely he is wondrous kind,

If I had a such Doue-house as *Camillo's*

I would set fire on't, wer't but to destroy

The Pole-cats that haunt to't, --- my sweet coffin:

GIO. Lord vnkle you did promise mee a horse

And armour. FRAN. That I did my pretty coffin,

Marcello see it fitted. MAR. My Lord the Duke is here.

FRAN. Sister away you must not yet bee seene.

ISAB. I do beseech you intreate him mildly,

Let not your rough tongue

Scr

Vittoria Corombona.

Set vs at louder variance, all my wrongs
Are freely pardoned, and I do not doubt
As men to try the precious Vnicornes horne
Make of the powder a preseruatiue Circle
And in it put a spider, so these armes
Shall charme his poyson, force it to obeying
And keepe him chaste from an infected straying

FRAN. I wish it may. Be gone. *Exit.*

Enter Brackians, and Flaminius.

Void the chamber,
You are welcome, will you sit, I pray my Lord
Bee you my Orator, my hearts too full,
I'll second you anon. MONT. E're I beginne
Let me entreat your grace forgo all passion
Which may be raised by my free discourse:

BRAC. As silent as it's Church you may proceed.

MONT. It is a wonder to your noble friends,
That you haue as 'twere entred the world,
With a free Scepter in your able hand,
And haue to th' use of nature well applyed
High gifts of learning, should in your prime-age
Neglect your awfull throne, for the soft downe
Of an insatiate bed. oh my Lord,
The Drunkard after all his lauish cuppes,
Is dry, and then is sober, so at length,
When you awake from this lasciuious dreame,
Repentance then will follow; like the sting
Plac't in the Adders tayle: wretched are Princes
When fortune blasteth but a petty flower
Of their vnweldy crownes; or rauesheth
Bnt one pearle from their Scepter: but alas!
When they to wilfull shipwrake loose good Fame
All Princely titles perish with their name.

BRAC. You haue said my Lord, MONT. Inough to giue you tast
How farre I am from flattering your greatnesse?

BRAC. Now you that are his second, what say you?
Do not like yong hawkes fetch a course about

Vittoria Corombona.

Your game flies faire and for you, FRAN. Do not feare it:
I'll answer you in your owne hawking phrase,
Some Eagles that should gaze vpon the Sunne
Seldome soare high, but take their lustfull ease,
Since they from dunghill birds their pery can ceaze,
You know Vittoria, BRA. Yes.

FRAN. You shift your shirt there
When you retire from Tennis. BRA. Happely.

FRAN. Her husband is Lord of a poore fortune
Yet she wears cloth of Tissue, BRA. What of this?
Will you vrge that my good Lord Cardinall
As part of her confession at next Shrift,

And know from whence it sailes. FRAN. She is your Strumpet.

BRA. Vnciuill sir ther's Hemlocke in thy breath
And that blacke slander, were she a whore of mine
All thy loud Cannons, and thy borrowed Switzers
Thy Gallies, nor thy sworne confederates,
Durst not supplant her. FRAN. Let's not talke on thunder,
Thou hast a wife, our sister, would I had giuen
Both her whit ehands to death, bound and lockt fast
In her last winding sheete, when I gaue thee
But one. BRA. Thou hadst giuen a soule to God then.

FRAN. True,
Thy ghostly father with al's absolution,
Shall ne're do so by thee. BRA. Spit thy poyson,

FRAN. I shall not need, lust carries her sharpe whippe
At her owne girdle, looke to't for our anger
Is making thunder-bolts. BRA. Thunder? in faith,

They are but crackers. FRAN. Wee'le end this with the Cannon.

BRA. Thou'lt get nought by it but iron in thy wounds,
And gunpowder in thy nostrils. FRAN. Better that
Then change perfumes for plaisters. BRA. Pitty on thee,
'Twere good you'ld shew your slaues or men condemn'd
Your new plow'd fore-head defiance, and I'll meete thee,
Even in a thicket of thy ablest men.

MON. My Lords, you shall not word it any further
Without a milder limit. FRAN. Willingly.

BRA.

Vittoria Corombona.

BRAC. Haue you proclaimed a Triumph that you baite a
Lyon thus. MON. My Lord. BRAC. I am tame, I am tame fir.

FRAN. We send, vnto the Duke for conference
Bout leaues 'gainst the Pyrates, my Lord Duke
Is not at home, we come our selfe in person,
Still my Lord Duke is busied, but we feare
When Tyber to each proling passenger
Discouers flockes of wild-duckes, then my Lord
Bout moulting time, I meane wee shall be certaine
To finde you sure enough and speake with you. BRAC. Ha

FRAN. A meere tale of a tub, my wordes are idle,
But to expresse the Sonnet by naturall reason, *Enter Giouanni*
When Stagges grow melancholike you'le finde the season

MON. No more my Lord, heere comes a Champion,
Shall end the difference betweene you both,
Your sonne the Prince *Giouanni*, see my Lords
What hopes you store in him, this is a casket
For both your Crowns, & should be held like deere:
Now is he apt for knowledge, therefore know
It is a more direct and euen way
To traine to vertue those of Princely bloud,
By examples then by precepts: if by examples
Whom should he rather striue to imitate
Then his owne father: be his patterne then,
Leaue him a stocke of vertue that may last,
Should fortune rend his sailes, and split his mast.
BRA. Your hand boy growing to souldier. GIO. Giue me a pike.

FRAN. What practising your pike so yong, faire couns,

GIO. Suppose me one of *Homers* frogges, my Lord,
Tossing my bul-rush thus, pray fir tell mee
Might not a child of good discretion
Be leader to an army: FRAN. Yes cousin a yong Prince
Of good discretion might. GIO. Say you so,
Indeed I haue heard 'tis fit a Generall
Should nor endanger his owne person oft,
So that he make a noyse, when hee's a horsebacke
Like a danske drummer, o'tis excellent.

Hce

Vittoria Corombona.

Hee need not fight, me thinks his horse as well

Might lead an army for him; if I liue

I'll charge the French foe, in the very front

Of all my troupes, the formost man. FRA. What, what,

GIO. And will not bid my Souldiers vp and follow

But bid them follow me. BRAC. Forward Lap-wing,

He flies with the shell on's head. FRAN. Pretty cousin,

GIO. The first yeare vnkle that I go to warre,

All prisoners that I take I will set free

Without their ranfome. FRAN. Ha, without thier ranfome,

How then will you reward your souldiers

That tooke those prisoners for you. GIO. Thus my Lord,

I'll marry them to all the wealthy widowes

That falls that yeare. FRAN. Why then the next yeare following

You'll haue no men to go with you to warre.

GIO. Why then I'll presse the women to the war,

And then the men will follow. MON. Witty Prince.

FRAN. See a good habite makes a child a man,

Whereas a bad one makes a man a beast:

Come you and I are friends. BRAC. Most wishedly,

Like bones which broke in sunder and well set

Knit the more strongly. FRAN. Call *Camillo* hither

You haue receiued the rumor, how Count *Ladowicke*

Is turn'd a Pyrate. BRAC. Yes. FRA. We are now preparing,

Some shippes to fetch him in: behold your Dutchesse, *Exeunt Fr.*

Wee now will leaue you and expect from you *Mon. Gio.*

Nothing but kind intreaty. BRAC. You haue charm'd mee.

You are in health we see. ISA. And about health

To see my Lord well, BRAC. So I wonder much,

What amorous whirlwind hurried you to Rome

ISA. Deuotion my Lord. BRAC. Deuotion?

Is your soule charg'd with any grieuous sinne

ISA. 'Tis burdened with too many, and I thinke

The oftner that we cast our reckonings vp,

Our sleepes will be the sounder. BRAC. Take your chamber?

ISA. Nay my deere Lord I will not haue you angry,

Doth not my absence from you two moneths,

Merite

Vittoria Corombona

Merit one kisse? BRAC. I do not use to kisse,
If that will dispossesse your ieaousy,
I'll sweare it to you. IS A. O my loued Lord,
I do not come to chide; my ieaousy,
I am to learne what that *Italian* meanes,
You are as welcome to these longing armes,
As I to you a Virgine. BRAC. O your breath,
Out vpon sweete meates, and continued Physicke.
The plague is in them. IS A. You haue oft for these two lippes
Neglected *Cassia* or the naturall sweetes

Of the Spring-violet, they are not yet much whithered,
My Lord I should be merry, these your frownes
Shew in a Helmet, louely but on me,
In such a peacefull enteruiew me thinkes

They are to too roughly knit. BRAC. O dissemblance.
Do you bandy factions gainst me? haue you learn't,
The trick of impudent basenes to complaine
Vnto your kindred? IS A. Neuer my deere Lord.

BRAC. Must I be haunted out, or wast your trick
To meeete some amorous gallant heere in Rome
That must supply our discontinuance?

IS A. I pray sir burst my heart, and in my death
Turne to your ancient pittie, though not loue.

BRAC. Because your brother is the corpulent Duke,
That is the great Duke, S'death I shall not shortly
Rackit away fise hundreth Crownes at Tennis,

But it shall rest vpon record: I scorne him
Like a shau'd Pollake, all his reuerent wit
Lies in his wardrope, hee's a discret fellow

When hee's made vp in his robes of state,

Your brother the great Duke, because he's gallies,
And now and then ransackes a Turkish flye-boare,
(Now all the hellish furies take his soule,)

First made this match, accursed be the Priest

That sang the wedding Masse, and euen my Issue.

IS A. O too far you haue curst. BRAC. Your hand I'll kisse,
This is the latest ceremony of my loue,

D

Hence.

Vittoria Coromboni.

Hence-forth I'll neuer lye with thee, by this
 This wedding-ring: I'll ne'r remore lye with thee,
 And this diuorce shall be as truly kept,
 As if the Iudge had doom'd it: fare you well,
 Our sleeps are seuer'd. I s. a. Forbid it the sweet vnion
 Of all things blessed, why the Saines in heauen
 Will knit their browes at that. B. R. A. Let not thy loue,
 Make thee an vnbeleueer, this my vow,
 Shall neuer on my soule bee satisfied
 With my repentance: let thy brother rage
 Beyond a horred tempest or sea-fight,
 My vow is fixed. I s. a. O my winding sheet,
 Now shall I need thee shortly, deere my Lord;
 Let me heare once more, what I would not heare,
 Neuer. B. R. A. Neuer?

I s. a. O my vnkind Lord may your sins find mercy,
 As I vpon a woefull widowed bed,
 Shall pray for you, if not to turne your eyes,
 Vpon your wretched wife, and hopefull sonne,
 Yet that in time you'll fix them vpon heauen.

B. R. A. C. No more, go, go, complaine to the great Duke.

I s. a. No my deere Lord, you shall haue present witness;
 How I'll worke peace betweene you, I will make
 My selfe the author of your cursed vow
 I haue some cause to do it, you haue none,
 Conceale it I beseech you, for the weale
 Of both your Dukedomes, that you wrought the meanes
 Of such a separation, let the fault
 Remaine with my supposed ieaousy,
 And thinke with what a pittifull and rent heart,
 I shall performe this sad insuing part.

Enter Francisco, Flamino, Montcello, Adonello, Camillo.

B. R. A. C. Well, take your course my honourable brother.

FRAN. Sister, this is not well my Lord, why sister,
 She merits not this welcome. B. R. A. C. Welcome say?
 Shee hath giuen a sharpe welcome. FRAN. Are you foolish?
 Come dry your teares, is this a modest course.

To

Vittoria Coronbona

To better what is nought, to raile and weepe,
 Grow to a reconcilment, or by heauen,
 Ile nere more deale betweene you. I S A. Sir you shall not,
 No though Vittoria vpon that condition
 Would become honest. F R A N. Was your husband loud,
 Since we departed. I S A. By my life sir no,
 I sweare by that I do not care to loose.
 Are all these ruines of my former beauty,
 Laid out for a whores triumph? F R A. Do you heare
 Looke vpon other women, with what patience
 They suffer these slight wrongs, with what iustice
 They study to requite them, take that course.

I S A. O that I were a man, or that I had power
 To execute my apprehended wishes,
 I would whip some with scorpions. F R A N. What? turn'd fury?

I S A. To dig the strumpets eyes out, let her lye
 Some twenty monethes a dying, to cut off
 Her nose and lippes, pull out her rotten teeth,
 Preferue her flesh like *Mummia*, for trophies
 Of my iust anger: Hell to my affliction
 Is meere snow & water. by your fauour sir,
 Brother draw neere, and my Lord Cardinall,
 Sir let me borrow of you but one kisse,
 Hence-forth Ile neuer lye with you, by this,
 This wedding ring. F R A. How? nere more lie with him,

I S A. And this diuorce shall be as truly kept,
 As if in thronged Court, a thousand cares
 Had heard it, and a thousand Lawyers hands,
 Seal'd to the separation. B R A C. Nere lie with me?

I S A. Let not my former dotage,
 Make thee an vnbeleuer, this my vow
 Shall neuer on my soule be satisfied
 With my repentance, *manet alia memento repositum.*

F R A N. Now by my birth you are a foolish, mad,
 And ialous woman. B R A. You see 'tis not my seeking.

F R A N. Was this your circle of pure Vnicornes horne,
 You said should charme your Lord, now hornes vpon thee,

Vittoria Corombona

For ieaously deserues them, keepe your vow,
And take your chamber. *ISA.* No sir I'm presently to *Pa dno*,
I will not stay a minute. *MONT.* O good Madame.

BRAC. 'Twere best to let her haue her humor,
Some halfe daies iourney will bring downe her stomacke,
And then she'll turne in post. *FRAN.* To see her come,
To my Lord Cardinall for a dispensation
Of her rash vow will beget excellent laughter.

ISA. Vnkindnesse do thy office, poore heart breake,
Those are the killing greifes which dare not speake. *Exit.*

MAR. Camillo, come my Lord. *Enter Camillo.*

FRAN. Where's the commission? *MAR.* Tis here.

FRAN. Giue me the Signet.

FLAM. My Lord do you marke their whispering, I will compound a medicine out of their two heads, stronger then garlick, deadlier then stibitum, the Cantarides which are scarce leone to sticke vpon the flesh, when they work to the heart, shall not do it with more silence or inuisible cunning. *Enter Doctor.*

BRAC. About the murder.

FLAM. They are sending him to *Naples*, but I'll send him to *Candy*, her's another property to. *BRAC.* O the Doctor.

FLA. A poore quackesaluing knaue, my Lord, one that should haue bene lasht for's lechery, but that he confest a iudgement, had an execution laid vpon him; and so put the whip to a *non-plus*.

DOCT. And was cofin'd, my Lord, by an arranter knaue then my selfe, and made pay all the coulourable execution.

FLAM. He will shoot pills into a mans guts, shall make them haue more ventages then a corset or a lamprey, hee will poyson a kisse, and was once minded, for his Master-peece, because *Ireland* breeds no poyson, to haue prepared a deadly vapour in a *Spaniards* fart that should haue poyson'd all *Dublin*.

BRAC. O Saint *Anthony* fire:

DOCT. Your Secretary is merry my Lord.

FLAM. O thou cursed antipathy to nature, looke his eyes bloud-shed like a needle a Chirurgion stitcheth a wound with, let me embrace thee toad, & loue thee o thou abhominable lothsome gargarsine, that will scorch vp lungs, lighes, heart, and liuer

by

Virginia Coronation.

by scruples.

BRAC. No more, I must employ the honest Doctor;
You must to *Padua* and by the way, use some of your skill for vs.
DOC. Sir I shall. **BRAC.** But for *Camillo*?

FLAM. He dies this night by such a politticke straine,
Men shall suppose him by's owne engine slaine.
But for your Dutcheffe death. **DOCT.** Ile make her sure

BRAC. Small mischiefes are by greater made secure.

FLAM. Remember this you slaue, when knaues come to pre-
ferment they rise as gallouses are raised ith low countries, one
vpon another shoulders. *Exeunt.*

MONT. Here is an Embleme nephew pray peruse it.
'Twas throwne in at your window, **CAM.** At my window,
Here is a Stag my Lord hath shed his hornes,
And for the losse of them the poore beast weepes.
The word *Insuper inopia fecit.* **MONT.** That is,
Plenty of hornes hath made him poore of hornes.

CAM. What should this meane. **MONT.** Ile tell you, 'tis giuen out-
You are a Cocould. **CAM.** Is it giuen out so.
I had rather such report as that my Lord
Should keepe within dores. **FRAN.** Haue you any children.

CAM. None my Lord. **FRA.** You are the happier
Ile tell you a tale. **CAM.** Pray my Lord. **FRAN.** An old tale.
Vppon a time *Phaebus* the God of light
Or him wee call the Sunne would neede be married.
The Gods gaue their consent, and *Mercury*
Was sent to voice it to the generall world.

But what a pious cry their straight arose
Amongst Smiths, & Felt-makers, Brewers & Cooks,
Reapers and Butter-women, amongst Fishmongers
And thousand other trades, which are annoyed
By his excessive heate; twas lamentable.

They came to *Iupiter* all in a sweat
And do forbid the banes; a great fat Cooke
Was made their Speaker, who intreates of *Ioue*
That *Phaebus* might bee gueldded, for if now
When there was but one, Sunne so many men,

Vittoria Corombona.

Weare like to perish by his violent heate.
 What should they do if hee were married
 And should beget more, and those children
 Make fier-workes like their father, so say I,
 Only I will apply it to your wife,
 Her issue should not prouidence pre uent it
 Would make both nature, time, and man repent it.

M O N. Looke you coffin.

Go change the aire for shame see if your absence,
 Will blast your *Cornucopia*, *Marcello*
 Is chosen with you ioint commissioner

For the relieuing our Italian coast
 From pirates. M A R. I am much honord int. C A M. But fir
 Ere I returne the Stagges hornes may besprouted,
 Greater then these are shed. M O N T. Do not feare it,
 Ile bee your ranger. C A M. You must watch it's nights,
 Then's the most danger. F R A N. Farewell good *Marcello*.
 All the best fortunes of a Souldiers wish,
 Bring you a ship-board.

C A M. Were I not best now I am turn'd Souldier,
 E're that I leaue my wife, sell all shee hath,
 And then take leaue of her. M O N T. I expect good from you,
 Your parting is so merry.

C A M. Merry my Lord, a'th Captaines humor right
 I am resolu'd to be drunke this night. Exit.

F R A. So, 'twas well fitted, now shall we descerne,
 How his wisht absence will giue violent way,
 To Duke *Brachiano*'s lust, M O N T. Why that was it;
 To what 'corn'd purpose else should we make choice
 Of him for a sea Captaine, and besides,
 Count *Lodowicke* which was rumor'd for a pirate,
 Is now in *Padua*. F R A N. Is't true? M O N T. Most certaine.
 I haue letters from him, which are suppliant
 To worke his quicke repeale from banishment,
 He meanes to adresse himselfe for pension,
 Vnto our sister Dutchesse. F R A N. O'twas well.
 We shall not want his absence past sixe daies,

Victoria Gerombona.

Ifaine would haue the Duke *Brachiano* run
Into notorious scandale, for their's nought
In such curst dotage, to repaire his name,
Onely the deepe sence of some deathlesse shame:

MON. It may be objected I am dishonourable,
To play thus with my kinsman, but I answer;
For my reuenge I'd stake a brothers life,
That being wrong'd durst not auenge himselfe.

FRAC. Come to obserue this Strüper. **MON.** Curse of greatnes,
Sure hee'le not leaue her. **FRAN.** There's small pittie in't
Like mistle-tow on seare Elmes spent by weather,
Let him cleaue to her and both rot together.

Exeunt.

Enter Brachiano with one in the habite of a Coniurer.

FRAC. Now sir I claime your promise, 'tis dead midnight,
The time prefixt to shew me by your Art,
How the intended murder of *Camillo*,
And our loathed Dutchesse grow to action.

CON. You haue won me by your bounty to a deed,
I do not often practise, some there are,
Which by Sophisticke tricks, aspire that name:
Which I would gladly loose, of Nigromancer;
As some that vse to juggle vpon cardes,
Seeming to coniure, when indeed they cheate.
Others that raise vp their confederate spirits,
'Bout wind-mills, and indanger their owne neckes,
For making of a squib, and some their art
Will keepe a curtall to shew iuggling trickes
And giue out 'tis a spirit: besides these
Such a whole reame of Almanacke-makers, figure-fingers,
Fellowes indeed that onely liue by stealth,
Since they do meereley lie about stolne goods,
Thei'd make men thinke the diuell were fast and loose,
With speaking sustian Latine; pray sit downe,
Put on this night-cap sir, 'tis charm'd, and now
I'll shew you by my strong-commanding Art
The circumstance that breakes your Dutchesse heart.

Altogether

Enter

Vittoria Corombona

A DUMBER SHEE VI. such blow on the

Enter suspiciously, Iulio and Christophora, they draw a curtain
wher Brachian's picture is, they put on spectacles of glasse,
which couer their eyes and noses, and then burne perfumes afore the
picture, and wash the lips of the picture, thus done, quenching the fire,
and putting off their spectacles they depart laughing.

Enter Isabella in her night-gowne as to bedward, with lightes after her,
Count Lodouico, Giouanni, Guid-antonio and others waiting
on her. Shee kneeles downe as to prayers, then dramas the curtaine of
the picture, doe's three reuerences to it, and kisses it thrice, shee faints
and will not suff'r them to come nere it, dies, sorrow exprest in Gio-
uanni and in Count Lodouico, shee conueid out solemnly.

BRAC. Excellent, then shee's dead. CON. She's poysoned,
By the sun'd picture, 'twas her custome nightly,
Before shee went to bed, to go and visite
Your picture, and to feed her eyes and lippes
On the dead shadow, Doctor Iulio
Observing this, infects it with an oile
And other poison'd stuffe, which presently
Did suffocate her spirits. BRAC. Me thought I saw,
Count Lodowicke there, CON. He was, and by my art
I finde hee did most passionately deate
Vpon your Duchesse, now turne another way,
And view Camillo's face more pallidicke face,
Strike louder musicke from this charmed ground,
To yeeld, as fits the act, a Tragick sound.

THE SECOND DUMBER SHEE VI. such blow on the

Enter Flaminio, Marcello, Camillo, with fawres more as Captiues,
they drinke healths and dance, a vaulting horse is brought into the
room, Marcello and two more whisper'd out of the room, while
Flaminio and Camillo strip themselves into a their shirts, as to vault,
complement who shall beginne, as Camillo is about to vault, Flami-
nio pitcheth him upon his necke, and with the help of che neck, wriths
his necke about, seems as to see if it be broke, and layes him faulted
double as before vnder the horse, makes Thomas to call for helpe,
Marcello

Vittoria Corombona.

Marcello comes in, laments, sends for the Cardinall and Duke, who comes forth with armed men, wonder at the act, commands the bodie to be carried home, apprehends Flamineo, Marcello, and the rest, and go as 'twere to apprehend Vittoria.

BRAC. 'Twas quaintly done, but yet each circumstance,
Itaft not fully. CON. O'twas molt apparant,
You saw them enter charged with their deepe helthes
To their boone voyage, and to second that,
Flamineo calls to haue a vaulting horse
Maintaine their sport. The vertuous *Marcello*,
Is innocently plotted forth the roome,
Whilst your eye saw the rest, and can informe you
The engine of all. *Mar.* It seemes *Marcello*, and *Flamineo*
Are both committed. CON. Yes, you saw them guarded,
And now they are come with purpose to apprehend
Your Mistresse, faire *Vittoria*; wee are now
Beneath her roofe: 'twere fit we instantly
Make out by some backe posterne: BRAC. Noble friend,
You bind me euer to you, this shall stand
As the firme scale annexed to my hand. *Exit Brac.*
It shall inforce a payment. CON. Sir I thanke you.
Both flowers and weedes, spring when the Sunne is warme,
And great men do great good, or else great harme. *Exit Con.*

*Enter Francisco, and Monticello, their Chancellor
and Register.*

FRAN. You haue dealt discreetly to obtaine the presence,
Of all the graue Leiger Embassadors
To heare *Vittoria*'s triall. MON. 'Twas not ill,
For sir you know we haue nought but circumstances
To charge her with, about her husbands death,
Their approbation therefore to the proofes
Of her blacke lust, shall make her infamous
To all our neighbouring Kingdomes, I wonder (pable
If *Brachiano* will be here. FRA. O fye 'twere impudence too pal-
Enter Flamineo and Marcello guarded, and a Lawyer.

LAVV. What are you in by the weeke, so I will try now
E whether

Vittoria Corombona.

whether thy wit be close prisoner, mee thinke's none should sit
vpon thy sister but old whoore-maisters,

FLAM. Or cocoulds, for your cocould is your most terrible
tickler of letchery: whoore-maisters would serue, for none are
iudges at tilting, but those that haue bene old Tilters.

LAVV. My Lord Duke and shee haue bene very priuate:

FLAM. You are a dull asse, 'tis threatned they haue bene very
publicke.

LAVV. If it can be proued they haue but kist one another.

FLAM. What then? LAVV. My Lord Cardinall will ferit them,

FLAM. A Cardinall I hope will not catch conyes.

LAVV. For to sowe kisses (marke what I say) to sowe kisses, is
to reape letchery, and I am sure a woman that will endure kissing
is halfe won.

FLAM. True, her vpper part by that rule, if you will win her
nether part to, you know what followes.

LAVV. Harke the Embassadours are lighted,

FLAM. I do put on this feigned Garbe of mirth,
To gull suspicion.

MAR. O my vnfortunate sister!

I would my daggers point had cleft her heart

When she first saw *Brachiano*: You 'tis said,

Were made his engine, and his stauking horse

To vndo my sister. FLAM. I made a kind of path

To her & mine owne preferment. MAR. Your ruine.

FLAM. Hum! thou art a souldier,

Folowest the great Duke, feedest his victories,

As witches do their seruiceable spirits,

Euen with thy prodigall bloud, what hast got?

But like the wealth of Captaines, a poore handfull,

Which in thy palme thou bear'st, as men hold water

Seeking to gripe it fast, the fraile reward

Steales through thy fingers. MAR. Sir,

FLAM. Thou hast scarce maintenance

To keepe thee in fresh shamoyes. MAR. Brother,

FLAM. Heare me,

And thus when we haue euen powred our selues,

Into

Vittoria Corombona

Into great fights, for their ambition
Or idle spleene, how shall we find reward,
But as we seldome find the mistle-towe
Sacred to physicke: Or the builder Oke,
Without a Mandrake by it, so in our quest of gaine.
Alas the poorest of their forc'd dislikes
At a limbe proffers, but at heart it strikes:
This is lamented doctrine. MAR. Come, come.

FLAM. When age shall turne thee,
White as a blooming hauthorne. MAR. I'll interrupt you.
For loue of vertue beare an honest heart,
And stride ouer euery politticke respect,
Which where they most aduance they most infect.

VVere I your father, as I am your brother,
I should not be ambitious to leaue you *Enter Sawoy.*
A better patrimony. FLA. I'll think on't, The Lord Embassadors,

*Here there is a passage of the Lieger Embassadors ouer
the Stage generally. Enter French Embassadors.*

LAVV. O my sprightly Frenchman, do you know him, he's an
admirable Tilter.

FLAM. I saw him at last Tilting, he shewed like a peuter can-
dlestick fashion'd like a man in armour, houlding a Tilting
staffe in his hand, little bigger then a candle of twelue ith pound.

LAVV. O but he's an excellent horseman.

FLAM. A lame one in his lofty trickes, hee sleepe a horse-
backe like a poulter, *Enter English and Spanish*

LAVV. Lo you my Spaniard.

FLAM. He carries his face in's ruffe, as I haue scene a seruing-
man carry glasses in a cipres hat-band, monstrous steddys for feare
of breaking, He lookes like the claw of a blacke-bird, first salted
and then broyled in a candle. *Exeunt.*

THE ARAIGNEMENT OF VITTORIA.

*Enter Francisco, Montcelso, the sixe lieger Embassadors, Brachiano,
Vittoria, Isabella, Lawyer, and a guard.*

MONT. Forbeare my Lord, here is no place affing'd you,
This businesse by his holiness is left
To our examination.

Vittoria Corombona.

BRA. May it thrive with you.

*Lais a rich gowne
under him,*

FRAN. A Chaire there for his Lordship.

BRA. Forbeare your kindnesse, an vnbidden guest
Should trauaile as dutch-women go to Church:
Beare their stooles with them. MON. At your pleasure Sir.
Stand to the table gentlewomen: now Signior
Fall to your plea.

*Domine Index conuerte oculos in hanc p'sentem
mulierum corruptissimam.*

VIT. Whats he?

FRAN. A Lawyer, that pleades against you.

VIT. Pray my Lord, Let him speake his vsuall tongue
He make no answere else. FRAN. Why you vnderstand lattin.

VIT. I do Sir, but amongst this auditory
Which come to heare my cause, the halfe or more.

May bee ignorant int'. MON. Go on Sir:

VIT. By your fauour,
I will not haue my accusation clouded,
In a strange tongue: All this assembly
Shall heare what you can charge mee with. FRAN. Signior
You need not stand on't much; pray change your language,

MON. Oh for God sake: gentlewoman, your credit
Shall bee more famous by it.

LAVV. Well then haue at you.

VIT. I am at the marke Sir, He giue aime to you,
And tell you how neare you shoote.

LAVV. Most literated Iudges, please your Lordships,
So to conniue your Iudgements to the view
Of this debaush't and diuersiuolent woman
Who such a blacke concatenation
Of mischiese hath effected, that to extepe
The memory of't, must be the consummation
Of her and her proiections VIT. What's all this

LAVV. Hould your peace.

Exorbitant sinnes must haue exulceration.

VIT. Surely my Lords this lawier here hath swallowed
Some Poticaryes bills, or proclamations.
And now the hard and vndegeftable wordes,

Come

Vittoria Corombona.

Come vp like stones wee vse giue Haukes for phisicke.
Why this is welch to Lattin. LAVV. My Lords, the woman
Know's not her tropes, nor figures, nor is perfect
In the accademick deriuation

Of Grammaticall elocution. FRAN. Sir your paynes
Shall bee well spared, and your deepe eloquence
Bee worthely applauded amongst those

Which vnderstand you. LAVV. My good Lord. FRAN. Sir,
Put vp your papers in your fustian bag, *Francisco speaks this*
Cry mercy Sir, tis buckeram, and accept *as in scorne.*
My notion of your learn'd verbosity.

LAVV. I most graduatically thanke your Lordship.
I shall haue vse for them elsewhere.

MON. I shall bee playner with you, and paint out
Your folies in more naturall red and white.

Then that vpon your cheeke. VIT. O you mistake.

You raise a blood as noble in this cheeke

As euer was your mothers.

MON. I must spare you till prooffe cry whore to that.

Obserue this creature here my honoured Lords,

A woman of a most prodigious spirit

In her effected. VIT. Honorable my Lord,

It doth not sute a reuerend Cardinall

To play the Lawier thus

MON. Oh your trade instructs your language!

You see my Lords what goodly fruite she seemes,

Yet like those apples trauellers report

To grow where *Sodom* and *Gomora* stood.

I will but touch her and you straight shall see

Sheele fall to soote and ashes.

VIT. Your inuenom'd Poticary should doo't

MON. I am resolu'd.

Were there a second Paradise to loose

This Deuell would betray it. VIT. O poore charity!

Thou art seldome found in scarlet.

MON. Who knowes not how, when seuerall night by night

Her gates were choak'd with coaches, and her roomes.

Vittoria Corombona.

Out-brau'd the stars with severall kind of lights,
When shee did counterfet a Princes Court.
In musicke banquets and most ryotous surfets
This whore, forsooth, was holy.

VIT. Ha? whore what's that?

MON. Shall I expound whore to you? sure I shal;
Ile giue their perfect character. They are first,
Sweete meates which rot the eater: In mans nostrill
Poison'd perfumes. They are coosning Alcumy,
Shipwrackes in Calmest weather? What are whores?
Cold Russian winters, that appeare so barren,
As if that nature had forgot the spring.

They are the trew matteriall fier of hell,
Worse then those tributes ith low countries payed,
Exactions vpon meat, drinke, garments sleepe.
Ieuen on mans perdition, his sin.

They are those brittle evidences of law
Which forsaik all a wretched mans estate

For leauing out one sillable. What are whores?

They are those flattering bels haue all one tune:

At weddings, and at funerals, your rich whores

Are only treasuries by extortion filld,

And emptied by curs'd riot. They are worse,

Worse then dead bodies, which are beg'd at gallowes

And wrought vpon by surgeons, to teach man

Wherin hee is imperfect. Whats a whore?

Shees like the guilty counterfett'd coine

Which who so eare first stampes it bring in trouble

All that receaue it. VIT. This carracter scapes me.

MON. You gentlewoman;

Take from all beasts, and from all mineralls

Their deadly poison. VIT. Well what then? MON. Ile tell thee

Ile find in thee a Poticaries shop

To sample them all. FR. EN. B. Shee hath liued ill.

ENG. EMB. Trew, but the Cardinals too bitter.

MON. You know what Whore is next the deuell; Adultry.

Enters the deuell, murder. FR. AN. Your vnhappy husband

Vittoria Corombona

Is dead. **VIT.** O hee's a happy husband! No. I was assured
Now hee owes Nature nothing.

FRAN. And by a vaulting engine. **MON.** An active plot
Hee iumpt into his graue. **FRAN.** what a prodigy wast,
That from some two yardes height a slender man (more,
Should breake his necke? **MON.** It^r rushes. **FRA.** And what's
Vpon the instant loose all vse of speech,
All vitall motion, like a man had laine
Wound vp three dayes. Now marke each circumstance.

MON. And looke vpon this creature was his wife.
Shee comes not like a widow; shee comes arm'd
With scorne and impudence: Is this a mourning habit.

VIT. Had I forknowne his death as you suggest,
I would haue bespoke my mourning.

MON. O you are conning.

VIT. You shame your wit and Iudgement
To call it so; What is my iust defence
By him that is my Iudge cal'd impudence?
Let mee appeale then from this Christian Court
To the vnciuill Tartar. **MON.** See my Lords.
Shee scandals our proceedings. **VIT.** Humbly thus.
Thus low, to the most worthy and respected
Leigier Embassadors, my modesty
And womanhood I tender; but withall
So intangled in a cursed accusation
That my defence of force like *Perseus*.
Must personate masculine vertue to the point.
Find mee but guilty, seuer head from body:
Weele part good frindes: I scorne to hould my life.
at yours or any mans intreaty, Sir,

ENG. EMB. Shee hath a braue spirit

MON: Well, well, such counterfet Iewels
Make trew on's oft suspected. **VIT:** You are deceaued.
For know that all your strickt combined heads,
Which strike against this mine of diamondes,
Shall proue but glassen hammers, they shall breake.
These are but fained shadowes of my euels.

Terrific

Vittoria Corombona.

Terrify babes, my Lord, with painted devils,
I am past such needlesse palsy, for your names,
Of Whoore and Murtheresse they proceed from you,
As if a man should spit against the wind,
The filth returne's in's face.

MONT. Pray you Mistresse satisfy me one question:
Who lodg'd beneath your rooffe that fatall night
Your husband brake his necke? BRAC. That question
Inforceth me breake silence, I was there.

MONT. Your businesse? BRAC. Why I came to comfort her,
And take some course for settling her estate,
Because I heard her husband was in debt

To you my Lord. MONT. He was.

BRAC. And 'twas strangely fear'd,
That you would cosen her. MONT. Who made you ouer-seer?

BRAC. Why my charity, my charity, which should flow
From euery generous and noble spirit,

To orphans and to widdows. MONT. Your lust.

BRAC. Cowardly dogs barke loudest. Sirrah Priest,
He talke with you hereafter, — Do you heare?

The sword you frame of such an excellent temper,
I'll sheath in your owne bowels:

There are a number of thy coate resemble
Your common pest-boyes. MONT. Ha?

BRAC. Your mercenary post-boyes,
Your letters carry truth, but tis your guise
To fill your mouth's with grosse and impudent lies.

SER. My Lord your gowne.

BRAC. Thou liest 'twas my stoole.
Bestow't vpon thy maister that will challenge

The rest a'th household-stuffe for *Brachiano*

Was nere so beggarly, to take a stoole

Out of anothers lodging: let him make

Valence for his bed on't, or a demy foote-cloth,

For his most reuerent moile, *Monticello*,

Nemo me Impune laceſcit.

Exit Brachiano.

MONT. Your Champions gon.

VIT.

Vittoria Corombona

VIT. The wolfe may prey the better.

FRA. My Lord there's great suspicion of the murder,

But no sound prooffe who did it: for my part

I do not thinke she hath a soule so blacke

To act a deed so bloudy, if ~~shee~~ haue,

As in cold countries husband-men plant Vines,

And with warme blood manure them, euen so

One summer she will beare vnfauory fruites,

And ere next spring wither both branch and roote.

The act of bloud let passe, onely descend,

To matter of incontinence. VIT. I decerne pofson,

Vnder your guilded pills.

MON. Now the Duke's gone, I wil produce a letter,

Wherein 'twas plotted, her and you should meete,

At an Appoticaries summer-house.

Downe by the riuer Tiber: view't my Lords:

Where after wanton bathing and the heat

Of a lasciuious banquet. — I pray read it,

I shame to speak the rest. VIT. Grant I was tempted,

Temptation to lust proues not the act,

Casta est quam nemo rogauit,

You reade his hot loue to me, but you want

My frosty answere. MON. Frost i'th dog-daies! strange!

VIT. Condemne you me for that the Duke did loue mee,

So may you blame some faire and christall riuer

For that some melancholike distracted man,

Hath drown'd himselfe in't. MON. Truly drown'd indeed.

VIT. Summe vp my faults I pray, and you shall finde,

That beauty and gay clothes, a merry heart,

And a good stomacke to feast, are all,

All the poore crimes that you can charge me with:

Infaithe my Lord you might go pistoll flyes,

The sport would be more noble. MON. Very good.

VIT. But take you your course, it seemes you haue beggerd me

And now would faine vndo me, I haue houses, (first

Jewels, and a poore remnant of Crusado's,

Would those would make you charitable. MON. If the deuill

Did euer take good shape behold his picture.

F

VIT.

Vittoria Corombona.

VIT. You haue one vertue left,
You will not flatter me. FRA. Who brought this letter?

VIT. I am not compel'd to tell you.

MON. My Lord Duke sent to you a thousand duckets,
The twelfth of August. VIT. 'Twas to keepe your cosen
From prison, I paid use for't. MON. I rather thinke
'Twas Interest for his lust.

VIT. Who saies so but your selfe? if you bee my accuser
Pray cease to be my Iudge, come from the Bench,
Giue in your euidence 'gainst me, and let these
Be moderators: my Lord Cardinall,
Were your intelligencing cares as louing
As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue
I would not care though you proclaim'd them all.

MON. Goto, goto.
After your goodly and vaine-glorious banquet,
I'll giue you a choake peare. VIT. A' your owne grafting?

MON. You were borne in Venice, honourably descended,
From the *Vittelli*, 'twas my coffins fate,
Ill may I name the hower to marry you,
Hee bought you of your father. VIT. Ha?

MON. Hee spent there in fixe monthes
Twelue thousand Dukets, and to my acquaintance
Receiu'd in dowry with you not one *Luio*:
'Twas a hard peny-worth, the ware being so light,
I yet but draw the curtaine now to your picture,
You came from thence a most notorious strumper,
And so you haue continued. VIT. My Lord.

MON. Nay heare me,
You shall haue time to prate my Lord *Brachiano*,
Alas I make but repetition,
Of what is ordinary and Ryall to talke,
And ballated, and would bee plaid a'th stage,
But that vice many times findes such loud freinds.
That Preachers are charm'd silent.
You Gentlemen *Flaminio* and *Marcello*,
The Court hath nothing now to charge you with,

Only

Vittoria Corombona

Onely you must remaine vpon your suerties,
For your appearance. **FRAN.** I stand for *Marcella*.

FLA. And my Lord Duke for me.

MON. For you *Vittoria*, your publicke fault,
Ioynd to th condition of the present time,
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pittie.
Such a corrupted triall haue you made
Both of your life and beauty, and bene still'd
No lesse in ominous fate then blasing starres
To Princes heares; your sentence, you are confin'd,

VIT. Vnto a house of conuertites and your baud.

FLA. Who I? **MON.** The *Moore*.

FLA. O I am a sound man againe.

VIT. A house of conuertites, what's that?

MON. A house of penitent whoores.

VIT. Do the Noblemen in Rome,
Ere it for their wiues, that I am sent
To lodge there? **FRAN.** You must haue patience.

VIT. I must first haue vengeance.

If saine would know if you haue your saluation
By patent, that you proceed thus. **MON.** Away with her.
Take her hence. **VIT.** Arape, arape. **MON.** How?

VIT. Yes you haue rauisht iustice,
Forc't her to do your pleasure. **MON.** fy shee's mad

VIT. Dye with these pills in your most cursed mawes,
Should bring you health, or while you sit a'th Bench,
Let your owne spittle choake you. **MON.** She's turn'd fury.

VIT. That the last day of iudgement may so find you,
And leaue you the same deuill you were before,
Instru't me some good horse-lech to speak Treason,
For since you cannot take my life for deeds,
Take it for wordes, o womans poore reuenge
Which dwels but in the tongue, I will not weepe,
No I do scorne to call vp one poore teare
To fawne one your iniustice, beare me hence,
Vnto this house of what's your murthering Title?

MON. Of conuertites. **VIT.** It shal not be a house of conuertites

Vittoria Corombona.

My minde shall make it honest to mee
Then the Popes Pallace, and more peaceable
Then thy soule, though thou art a Cardinall,
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spight,
Through darkenesse Diamonds spread their richest light.

Enter Brachiano.

Exit Vittoria.

BRA. Now you and I are friends sir, wee'll shake hands,
In a friends graue, together, a fit place,
Being the embleme of soft peace t'atone our hatred.

FRA. Sir, what's the matter?

BRA. I will not chase more bloud from that lou'd checke,
You haue lost too much already, fare-you-well.

FRA. How strange these words sound? what's the interpretatiō?

FLA. Good, this is a preface to the discouery of the Dutches death: Hee carries it well: because now I cannot counterfeit a whining passion for the death of my Lady, I will faine a madde humor for the disgrace of my sister, and that will keepe off idle questions, Treasons tongue hath a villanous palsy in't, I will talk to any man, heare no man, and for a time appeare a pollicicke mad-man.

Enter Giouanni, Count Lodouico.

FRA. How now my Noble coffin, what in blacke?

GIO. Yes Vnckle, I was taught to imitate you
In vertue, and you must imitate mee
In coulours for your garments, my sweete mother
Is, FRA. How? Where?

GIO. Is there, no yonder, indeed sir I'll not tell you,
For I shall make you weepe. FRA. Is dead.

GIO. Do not blame me now,
I did not tell you so. LOD. She's dead my Lord.

FRA. Dead? MON. Blessed Lady,
Thou art now about thy woes,
Wilt please your Lordships to with-draw a little.

GIO. What do the dead do, vnckle? do they eate,
Heare musicke, goe a hunting, and bee merrie, as wee that liue?

FRAN. No cose; they sleepe.

GIO. Lord, Lord, that I were dead,
I haue not slept these sixe nights. When doe they wake?

FRA.

Vittoria Corombona?

FRAN. When God shall please.
Good God let her sleepe euer.

GIO. For I haue knowne her wake an hundreth nights,
When all the pillow, where shee laid her head,
Was brine-wet with her teares. I am to complaine to you Sir,
Ile tell you how they haue vsed her now shees dead:
They wrapt her in a cruell fould of lead,
And would not let mee kisse her. FRAN. Thou didst loue her.

GIO. I haue often heard her say shee gaue mee sucke,
And it should seeme by that shee deerely lou'd mee,
Since Princes seldome doe it.

FRAN. O, all of my poore sister that remains!
Take him away for Gods sake. MON. How now my Lord?

FRAN. Beleeue mee I am nothing but her graue,
And I shall keepe her blessed memorie,
Longer then thousand Epitaphs. *Enter Flamines as distracted.*

FLA. Wee indure the strokes like aniles or hard Steele,
Till paine it selfe make vs no paine to feelee.
Who shall doe mee right now? Is this the end-of seruice? Ide
rather go weede garlicke; trauaile through France, and be mine
owne ostler; weare sheepe-skin linings; or shoos that stinke of
blacking; bee entred into the list of the fourtie thousand pedlars
in Poland. *Enter Sauoy.*

Would I had rotted in some Surgeons house at Venice, built
vpon the Pox as well as on piles, ere I had seru'd *Brashiano*.

SAV. You must haue comfort.

FLA. Your comfortable wordes are like honie. They rellish
well in your mouth that's whole; but in mine that's wounded
they go downe as if the sting of the Bee were in them. Oh they
haue wrought their purpose cunningly, as if they would not
seeme to doe it of malice. In this a Polititian imitates the
deuill, as the deuill imitates a Canon. Wheresoever he comes to
doe mischief, he comes with his backside towards you.

Enter the French.

FRE. The proofes are euident.

FLA. Prooue it was corruption. O Gold, what a God art
thou! and ô man, what a deuill art thou to be tempted by that
cursed

Vittoria Corombona.

Enter English
Ambassador.

curst Minerall! You diuersiuent Lawyer, marke him, knaues
turne informers, as maggots turne to flies, you may catch gudge-
ons with either. A Cardinall; I would hee would heare mee,
theres nothing so holie but money will corrupt and putrifie it,
like vittell vnder the line. You are happie in England, my Lord;
here they sell iustice with those weights they presse men to
death with. O horrible salarie!

ENG. Fic, fie, *Flammineo*.

FLA. Bels nere ring well, till they are at their full pitch,
And I hope yon Cardinall shall neuer haue the grace to pray
well, till he come to the scaffold.

If they were rackt now to know the confederacie! But your
Noblemen are priuiledged from the racke; and well may. For
a little thing would pull some of them a peeces afore they came
to their arraignment. Religion; oh how it is commeddled with
politic. The first bloudshed in the world happened about re-
ligion. Would I were a Jew. MAR. O, there are too many.

FLA. You are deceiu'd. There are not Iewes enough;
Priests enough, nor gentlemen enough. MAR. How?

FLA. Ile proue it. For if there were Iewes enough, so many
Christians would not turne vsurers; if Preists enough, one
should not haue sixe Benefices; and if gentlemen enough, so
many earlie mushromes, whose best growth sprang from a
dunghill, should not aspire to gentilitie. Farewell. Let others
liue by begging. Bee thou one of them; practize the art of *Wol-*
uor in England to swallow all's giuen thee; and yet let one pur-
gation make thee as hungrie againe as fellows that worke in
law-pit. Ile go heare the scritch-owle. *Exit.*

LOD. This was *Brachiano's* Pandar, and 'tis strange
That in such open and apparant guilt
Of his adulterous sister, hee dare vtter
So scandalous a passion. I must wind him. *Enter Flammineo.*

FLA. How dares this banisht Count returne to Rome,
His pardon not yet purchast? I haue heard
The decest Dutchesse gaue him pension,
And that he came along from Padua
Ith' traine of the yong Prince. There's somewhat in't.

Phisitians

Vittoria Corombona?

Phisitians, that cure poisons, still doe worke
With counterpoisons.

MAR. Marke this strange incounter.

FLA. The God of Melancholie turne thy gall to poison,
And let the stigmatike wrinces in thy face,
Like to the boisterous waues in a rough tide
One still ouertake an other. L O D. I doe thanke thee
And I doe wish ingeniously for thy sake
The dog-daies all yeare long.

FLA. How crokes the rauē?

Is our good Dutchesse dead? L O D. Dead FLA. O fate!
Misfortune comes like the Crowners businesse,
Huddle vpon huddle. L O D. Shalt thou & I ioyne housekeeping?

FLA. Yes, content.

Let's be vnsociably sociable.

L O D. Sit some three daies together, and discourse.

FLA. Onely with making faces;

Lie in our clothes. L O D. With faggots for our pillowes.

FLA. And bee lowfie.

L O D. In taffeta lininges; that's gentile melancholie,
Sleepe all day. FLA. Yes; and like your melancholike hars
Feed after midnight.

Wee are obserued: see how yon couple greue.

L O D. What a strange creature is a laughing foole,
As if man were created to no vse

But onely to shew his teeth. FLA. Ile tell thee what,

It would doe well in stead of looking glasses

To set ones face each morning by a lawcer

Of a witches congealed blood. L O D. Pretious gue.

Weel neuer part. FLA. Neuer: till the beggerie of Courtiers,

The discontent of church-men, want of souldiers,

And all the creatures that hang manacled,

Worse then strappado'd, on the lowest fellie

Of fortunes wheele be taught in our two liues. *Enter Antonelli.*

To scorne that world which life of meanes depriues.

AN. My Lord, I bring good newes. The Pope on's death-bed,
At th' earnest suit of the great Duke of Florence,

Hath

Vittoria Corombona.

Hath sign'd your pardon, and restor'd vnto you —

L O D. I thanke you for your news. Look vp againe
Flamino, see my pardon. F L A M. Why do you laugh?
There was no such condition in our couenant. L O D. Why?

F L A M. You shall not seeme a happier man then I,
You know our vow sir, if you will be merry,
Do it i'th like posture, as if some great man
Sate while his enemy were executed:
Though it be very litchery vnto thee,
Doo't with a crabbed Politicians face.

L O D. Your sister is a damnable whore. F L A M. Ha?

L O D. Looke you; I spake that laughing.

F L A M. Dost euer thinke to speake againe?

L O D. Do you heare?

Will't sel me fourty ounces of her bloud,
To water a mandrake? F L. Poore Lord, you did vow
To liue a lowzy creature. L O D. Yes; F L A. Like one
That had for euer forfeited the day-light,
By being in debt, L O D. Ha, ha?

F L A M. I do not greatly wonder you do breake:
Your Lordship learn't long since. But Ile tell you,

L O D. What? F L A. And't shall sticke by you.

L O D. I long for it.

F L A M. This laughter scruily becomes your face,
If you will not be melancholy, be angry. *Strikes him.*
See, now I laugh too.

M A R. You are to blame, Ile force you hence.

L O D. Vnhand me:

Exit Mar. & Flam.

That ere I should be forc't to right my selfe,

Vpon a Pandar. A N T. My Lord,

L O D. H' had bene as good met with his sista thunderbolt:

G A S. How this shewes!

L O D. Vds' death, how did my sword misse him?

These rogues that are most weary of their liues,

Still scape the greatest dangers,

A pox vpon him; all his reputation;

Nay all the goodnesse of his family;

Vittoria Corombona?

Is not worth halfe this earthquake.

I learnt it of no fencer to shake thus;

Come, I'll forget him, and go drinke some wine.

Exit

Enter Francisco and Monticello.

MON. Come, come my Lord, vntie your fouled thoughts,
And let them dangle loose as a brid's haire,
Your sister's poisoned.

FRA. Farre bee it from my thoughts
To seeke reuenge.

MON. What, are you turn'd all marble?

FRA. Shall I defye him, and impose a warre
Most burthensome on my poore subjects neckes,
Which at my will I haue not power to end?
You know; for all the murders, rapes, and thefts,
Committed in the horred lust of warre,
He that vniustly caus'd it first proceed,
Shall finde it in his graue and in his seed.

MON. That's not the course I'de with you: pray, obserue me;
We see that vndermining more preuailes
Then doth the Canon, Beare your wrongs conceal'd,
And, patient as the Tortoise, let this Cammell
Stalke o're your back vnbruist: sleep with the Lyon,
And let this brood of secure foolish mice
Play with your nostrils, till the time bee ripe
For th'bloudy audit, and the fatall gripe:
Aime like a cunning fowler, close one eie,
That you the better may your game espy.

FRA. Free me my innocence, fro treacherous actes:
I know ther's thunder yonder: and I'll stand,
Like a safe vallie, which low bends the knee
To some aspiring mountaine: since I know
Treason, like spiders weauing nets for flies,
By her foule worke is found, and in it dies.
To passe away these thoughts, my honour'd Lord,
It is reported you possesse a booke
Wherein you haue quoted, by intelligence,
The names of all notorious offenders

G

Lurking

Vinonia Corombona.

Lurking about the Citty, **MON.** Sir I do
And some there are which call it my blacke booke:
Well may the title hold: for though it teach not
The Art of coniuring, yet in it lurke,
The names of many devils. **FRAN.** Pray let's see it.

MON. I'll fetch it to your Lordship.

FRAN. *Monticello,* *Exit Monticello.*

I will not trust thee, but in all my plors
I'll rest as ialous as a Towne besieg'd.
Thou canst not reach what I intend to act,
Your flax soone kindles, soone is out againe,
But gold slow heat's, and long will not remaine.

MON. 'Tis here my Lord. *Enter Mont.*

FRAN. First your Intelligencers pray let's see. *Frank with*

MON. Their number rises strangely,
And some of them
You'd Take for honest men.
Next are Pandars.

These are your Pirats: and these following leaues,
For base rogues that vndo yong Gentlemen,
By taking vp commodities for polittick bankroupts:
For fellows that are baudes to their owne wiues,
Onely to put off horses and slight iewels,
Clockes, defac't plate, and such commodities,
At birth of their first children. **FRAN.** Are there such?

MON. These are for Impudent baudes,
That go in mens apparell: for vsurers
That share with scriueners for their good reportage:
For Lawyers that will antedate their writtes:
And some Diuines you might find fouled there,
But that I slip them o're for conscience sake.

Here is a generall catalogise of knaues.
A man might study all the prisons o're,
Yet neuer attaine this knowledge. **FRAN.** Murderers.
Fould downe the leafe I pray,
Good my Lord let me borrow this strange doctrine.

MON. Pray vse't my Lord.

FRAN.

Vittoria Corombona

FRAN. I do assure your Lordship,
You are a worthy member of the State,
And haue done infinite good in your discouery
Of these offenders. MON. Some-what Sir. FRA. O God!
Better then tribute of wolues paid in England.
'Twill hang their skinnesth hedge.

MON. I must make bold
To leaue your Lordship: FRA. Deerely sir, I thanke you;
If any aske for me at Court, report
You haue left me in the company of knaues. *Exit Mon.*
I gather now by this, some cunning fellow
That's my Lords Officer, one that lately skipt
From a Clerkes deske vp to a Iustice chaire,
Hath made this knauish summons; and intendes,
As th' Irish rebels went were to sell heads,
So to make prize of these. And thus it happens,
Your poore rogues pay for't, which haue not the meanes
To present bribe in fist: the rest oth'band
Are raz'd out of the knaues record; or else
My Lord he winks at them with easy will,
His man growes rich, the knaues are the knaues still.
But to the vse I'll make of it; it shall serue
To point me out a list of murderers,
Agents for any villany. Did I want
Ten leash of Curtisans; it would furnish me;
Nay, lawndresse three Armies. That so in little paper
Should lye th'vndoing of so many men!
'Tis not so big as twenty declarations.
See the corrupted vse some make of bookes:
Diuinity, wrested by some factious bloud,
Draws swords, swels battels, & orethrowes all good.
To fashion my reuenge more seriously,
Let me remember my dead sisters face:
Call for her picture: no; I'll close mine eyes,
And in a melancholicke thought I'll frame

Enter Isabella's Ghost.

Her figure fore me. Now I--- hate how strong
G 3 Imagination

Vittoria Corombona.

Imagination workes! how she can frame
 Things which are not! me thinks she stands afore me;
 And by the quicke Idea of my minde,
 Were my skull pregnant, I could draw her picture.
 Thought, as a subtil Iugler, makes vs deeme
 Things, supernaturall, which haue cause
 Common as sickenesse. 'Tis my melancholy,
 How cam'st thou by thy death? — how idle am I
 To question mine owne idlenesse? — did euer
 Man dreame awake till now? — remoue this obiect
 Out of my braine with't; what haue I to do
 With tombes, or death-beds, funerals, or teares,
 That haue to meditate vpon reuenge?
 So now 'tis ended, like an old wiues story.
 States-men thinke often they see stranger sights
 Then mad-men, Come, to this waighty businesse.
 My Tragedy must haue some idle mirth in't,
 Else it will neuer passe, I am in loue,
 In loue with *Corombana*, and my suite
 Thus haltes to her in verse. —
 I haue done it rarely: o the fate of Princes!
 I am sovs'd to frequent flattery, *he writes*
 That being alone I now flatter my selfe;
 But it will serue, 'tis seal'd; beare this *Enter seruant*
 To th'house of Conuertites, and watch your leisure
 To giue it to the hands of *Corombana*,
 Or to the Matron, when some followers
 Of *Brachiano* may be by. Away *Exit seruant*.
 He that deales all by strength, his wit is shallow:
 When a mans head goes through each limbe will follow.
 The engine for my busines, bold Count *Lodowicke*:
 'Tis gold must such an instrument procure,
 With empty fist no man doth falcons lure.
Brachiano, I am now fit for thy encounter.
 Like the wild Irish I'll nere thinke thee dead,
 Till I can play at footeball with thy head,
Flosters sinequa Supers, Acheronta mouebo.

Exit Mom.
Enter

Vittoria Corombona.

Enter the Matron, and Flamineo.

MAT. Should it be knowne the Duke hath such recourse.
To your imprison'd sister, I were like
T' incur much damage by it. FLA. Not a scruple.
The Pope lies on his death-bed, and their heads
Are troubled now with other businesse
Than guarding of a Ladie.

Enter servant.

SER. Yonder's Flamineo in conference
With the Matrona. Let mee speake with you.
I would intreat you to deliuer for mee
This letter to the faire Vittoria.

MAT. I shall Sir.

Enter Brachiano.

SER. With all care and secrecie,
Hereafter you shall know mee, and receiue
Thanks for this curtesie. FLA. How now? what's that?

MAT. A letter. FLA. To my sister: Ile see't deliuered.

BRA. What's that you read Flamineo? FLA. Looke.

BRA. Ha? To the most vnfortunate his best respected Vittoria.
Who was the messenger? FLA. I know not.
BRA. No! Who sent it?

FLA. Vd's foot you speake, as if a man
Should know what foule is coffind in a bak't meate
Afore you cut it vp.

BRA. Ile open't; were't her heart. What's heere subscribed
This iugling is grosse and palpable. (Florence?)
I haue found out the conueyance; read it, read, it.

FLA. *Your teares Ile turne to triumphes, bee but mine.*

Reads the letter.

*Your propis fall'n; I pittie that a wine
Which Princes heretofore haue long'd to gather;
Wanting supporters, now should fade and wither.
Wine yfaith, my Lord, with lees would serue his turne:
Your sad imprisonment Ile soone vncharme,
And with a princelie vncontrolled arme
Lead you to Florence, where my loue and care
Shall hang your wishes in my siluer haire.
A halter on his strange xquiocation.*

Nor for my yeares returne mee the sad willow;

Vittoria Corombona.

Who prefer blossomes before fruit that's mellow.

Rotten on my knowledge with lying too long i'th bed-straw.

And all the lines of age this line conuinces :

The Gods neuer wax old, no more doe Princes.

A pox on't teare it, let's haue no more Atheists for Gods sake.

BRA. Vds death, Ile cut her into Atomies
And let th'irregular North-winde sweep her vp
And blow her int' his nostrils. Where's this whore?

FLA. That? what doe you call her?

BRA. Oh, I could bee mad,
Preuent the curst disease shee'l bring mee to;
And teare my haire off. Where's this changeable stuffe?

FLA. Ore head and eares in water, I assure you,
Shee is not for your wearing. BRA. In you Pandar?

FLA. What mee, my Lord, am I your dog?

BRA. A bloud-bound : doe you braue? doe you stand mee?

FLA. Stand you? let those that haue diseases run;
I need no plaisters. BRA. Would you bee kickt?

FLA. Would you haue your necke broke?
Itell you Duke, I am not in Russia;
My shinnes must be kept whole. BRA. Do you know mee?

FLA. O my Lord ! methodically.
As in this world there are degrees of euils :
So in this world there are degrees of deuils.
You'r a great Duke ; I your poore secretarie.
I doe looke now for a Spanish fig, or an Italian sallet daily.

BRA. Pandar, plie your conuoy, and leaue your pratings

FLA. All your kindnesse to mee is like that miserable cur-
tessie of *Polypheumus* to *Uliyses*, you reserue mee to be deuour'd
last, you would dig turnes out of my graue to feed your Larkes:
that would bee musicke to you. Come, Ile lead you to her.

BRA. Do you face mee?

FLA. O Sir I would not go before a Politique enemy with
my backe towards him, though there were behind mee a whirl-
poole.

Enter Vittoria to Brachiano and Flamino.

BRA. Can you read Mistresse? looke vpon that letter;
There are no characters nor Hieroglyphicks.

You

Victoria Coronbona

You need no comment, I am growne your receiver,
Gods pretious you shall bee a braue great Ladie,
A statelie and aduanced whore. VIT. Say Sir.

BRA. Come, come, let's see your Cabinet, discouer
Your treasurie of loose-letters, Death and furies,
Ile see them all. VIT. Sir, vpon my soule,
I haue not any. Whence was this directed?

BRA. Confusion on your politicke ignorance.
You are reclaimed; are you? Ile giue you the bels
And let you flie to the deuill. FLA. Ware hawke, my Lord.

VIT. Florence! This is some treacherous plot, my Lord,

To mee, he nere was louely I protest,
So much as in my sleepe. BRA. Right: they are plots.

Your beautie! O, ten thousand curses on't.

How long haue I beheld the deuill in christall?

Thou hast lead mee, like an heathen sacrifice,

With musicke, and with fatall yokes of flowers.

To my eternall ruine. Woman to man

Is either a God or a wolfe. VIT. My Lord. BRA. Away.

Wee'l bee as differing as two Adamants;

The one shall stunne the other. What? do't weepe?

Procure but ten of thy dissembling trade,

Yee'd furnish all the Irish funeralis

With howling, past wild Irish. FLA. Fie, my Lord.

BRA. That hand, that cursed hand, which I haue wearied

With doring kisses! O my sweetest Dutchesse

How louelie art thou now! Thy loose thoughtes

Scatter like quick-siluer, I was bewitch'd;

For all the world speakes ill of thee. VIT. No matter.

Ile liue so now Ile make that world recant

And change her speeches. You did name your Dutchesse.

BRA. Whose death God pardon.

VIT. Whose death God reuenge

On thee most godlesse Duke. FLA. Now for tow whirlewindes.

VIT. What haue I gain'd by thee but infamie?

Thou hast stain'd the spotlesse honour of my house,

And frighted thence noble societie.

Like

Vittoria Corombonz

Like those, which sicke 'oth' Palsie, and retaine
 Ill-senting foxes 'bout them, are still shun'd
 By those of choicer nostrills, What doe you call this house?
 Is this your palace? did not the Iudge stile it
 A house of penitent whores? who sent mee to it?
 Who hath the honour, to aduance *Vittoria*
 To this incontinent colledge? is 't not you?
 Is 't not your high preferment? Go, go brag
 How many Ladies you haue vndone, like mee.
 Fare you well Sir; let me heare no more of y ou.
 I had a limbe corrupted to an vicer,
 But I haue cut it off: and now Ile go
 Weeping to heauen on crutches. For your giftes,
 I will returne them all; and I do wish
 That I could make youfull Executor
 To all my sinnes, ò that I could tossc my selfe
 Into a graue as quickly: for all thou art worth
 Ile not shed one teare more; — Ile burst first.

BRA. I haue drunke Lethe.

*She throwes her
 selfe upon a bed.*

Vittoria? My dearest happinesse? *Vittoria?*

What doe you aile my Loue? why doe you weepe?

VIT. Yes, I now weepe poniardes, doe you see.

BRA. Are not those matchlesse eies mine? VIT. I had rather,
 They were not matches. BRA. Is not this lip mine?

VIT. Yes: thus to bite it off, rather than giue it thee.

FLA. Turne to my Lord, good sister.

VIT. Hence you Pandar.

FLA. Pandar! Am I the author of your sinne?

VIT. Yes: Hee's a base theif that a theif lets in.

FLA. Wee're blowne vp, my Lord,

BRA. Wilt thou heare mee?

Once to bee iealous of thee is t'expresse

That I will loue thee euerlastingly,

And neuer more bee iealous: VIT. O thou foole,

Whose greatnesse hath by much oregrowne thy wit!

What dar'st thou doe, that I not dare to suffer,

Excepting to bee still thy whore? for that;

Vittoria Corombona.

In the seas bottome sooner thou shalt make
A bonfire. F.L.A. O, no othes for gods sake.

B.R.A. Will you heare mee? V.I.T. Neuer.

F.L.A. What a damn'd impostume is a womans will?
Can nothing breake it? fie, fie, my Lord.
Women are caught as you take Tortoises,
Shee must bee turn'd on her backe. Sister, by this hand
I am on your side. Come, come, you haue wrong'd her.
What a strange credulous man were you, my Lord,
To thinke the Duke of Florence could loue her?

Will any Mercer take an others ware
When once 't is tow'd and sullied? And, yet sister,
How scruily this frowardnesse becomes you?
Yong Leuerets stand not long; and womens anger
Should, like their flight, procure a little sport;
A full crie for a quarter of an hower;
And then bee put to th' dead quar. B.R.A. Shall these eies,
VVhich haue so long time dwelt vpon your face,
Be now put out? F.L.A. No cruell Land-ladie 'ith' world,
VVhich lend's forth grotes to broome-men, & takes vse for the,
VVould doe't.

Hand her, my Lord, and kisse her: be not like
A ferret to let go your hold with blowing.

B.R.A. Let vs renew right handes. V.I.T. Hence.

B.R.A. Neuer shall rage, or the forgetfull wine,
Make mee commit like fault.

F.L.A. Now you are 'ith' way ont, follow 'thard:

B.R.A. Bee thou at peace with mee; let all the world
Threaten the Cannon. F.L.A. Marke his penitence.
Best natures doe commit the grossest faultes,
When they're giu'n ore to iealositie; as best wine
Dying makes strongest vinneger. Ile tell you;
The Sea's more rough and raging than calme riuers,
But nor so sweet nor wholesome. A quiet woman
Is a still water vnder a great bridge.

A man may shoot her safely. V.I.T. O yee dissembling men!

F.L.A. Wee suckt that, sister, from womens brestes, in our

Vittoria Corombona.

first infancie. VIT. To ad miserieto miserie. B R A. Sweetest.

VIT. Am I not low enough?

I, I, your good heart gathers like a snow-ball
Now your affection's cold. F L A. Vd'foot, it shall melt,
To a hart againe, or all the wine in Rome
Shall run o'th lees for't.

VIT. Your dog or hawke should be rewarded better
Then I haue bin. Ile speake not one word more.

F L A. Stop her mouth,
With a sweet kisse, my Lord.
So now the tide's turne'd the vessel's come about
Hee's a sweet armesfull. O wee curl'd-haird men
Are still most kind to women. This is well.

B R A. That you should chide thus!

F L A. O, sir, your little chimnies
Doe euer cast most smoke. I swe't for you.
Couple together with as deepe a silence,
As did the Grecians in their wodden horse.
My Lord supplie your promises with deedes.
You know that painted meat no hunger feedes.

B R A. Stay ingratefull Rome.

(vsage.)

F L A. Rome! it deserues to be cal'd Barbarie, for our villainous

B R A. Soft; the same proiect which the Duke of Florence,
(Whether in loue or gullerie I know not)
Laid downe for herescape, will I pursue.

F L A. And no time fitter than this night, my Lord,
The Pope being dead; and all the Cardinals entred
The Conclauē for th'electing a new Pope;
The Cittie in a great confusion;
Wee may attire her in a Pages suit,
Lay her post-horse, take shipping, and amaine
For Padua.

B R A. Ile instantly steale forth the Prince *Gionanni*,
And make for Padua. You two with your old Mother
And yong *Marcello* that attendes on Florence,
If you can worke him to it, follow mee.
I will aduance you all: for you *Vittoria*,

Thinke

Vittoria Corombona

Thinke of a Dutcheffe ritle. FLA. Loyou sifter.

Stay, my Lord; I'll tell you a tale. The crocodile, which liues in the riuer *Nilus*, hath a worme breeds i'th teeth of't, which puts it to extreame anguish: a litle bird, no bigger then a wren, is barbar-surgeon to this crocodile; flies into the iawes of't; pickes out the worme; and brings present remedy. The fish, glad of ease but ingratefull to her that did it, that the bird may not talke largely of her abroad for non payment, closeth her chaps intending to swallow her, and so put her to perpetuall silence. But nature loathing such ingratitude, hath arm'd this bird with a quill or pricke on the head, top o'th which wounds the crocodile i'th mouth; forceth her open her bloody prison; and away flies the pretty tooth-picker from her cruell patient.

BRAC. Your application is, I haue not rewarded The seruice you haue done me. FLAM. No, my Lord; You sifter are the crocodile: you are blemisht in your fame, My Lord cures it. And though the comparison hold not in euery particle; yet obserue, remember, what good the bird with the pricke i'th head hath done you; and scorne ingratitude. It may appeare to some ridiculous

Thus to talke knaue and madman; and sometimes Come in with a dried sentence, stuf't with sage.

But this allowes my varying of shapes,

Knaues do grow great by being great mens apes.

Exeunt.

Enter Francisco, Lodouico, Gasper, and sixe Embassadors.

As another doe the Duke of Florence.

FRA. So, my Lord, I commend your diligence Guard well the conclaue, and, as the order is, Let none haue conference with the Cardinals.

L O D. I shall, my Lord: roome for the Embassadors,

GAS. They're wondrous braue to day: why do they weare These feuerall habits? L O D. O sir, they'r Knights Of feuerall Orders.

That Lord i'th blacke cloak with the siluer crosse Is Knight of *Rhodes*; the next Knight of *S. Michael*, That of the golden fleece; the *French-man* there Knight of the Holy-Ghost; my Lord of *Sauoy*.

H 2

Knight

Vittoria Corombona.

Knight of th' Annuntiation; the *Englishman*.
Is Knight of th' honoured Garter, dedicated
Vnto their Saint, S. *George*. I could describe to you
Their seuerall institutions, with the lawes
Annexed to their Orders; but that time
Permits not such discouery.

FRAN. Where's Count *Lodowicke*?

L O D. Here my Lord.

FRA. 'Tis o'th point of dinnertime,
Marshall the Cardinals seruice, L O D. Sir I shall.
Stand, let me search your dish, who's this for?

*Enter ser-
uants with se-
uerall dishes
concealed.*

SER. For my Lord Cardinall *Monticelso*,

L O D. Whose this?

SER. For my Lord Cardinall of *Burbon*.

FRE. Why doth he search the dishes, to obserue
What meate is drest? EN G. No Sir, but to preuent,
Least any letters should be conuei'd in
To bribe or to sollicite the aduancement
Of any Cardinall, when first they enter
'Tis lawfull for the Embassadors of Princes
To enter with them, and to make their suit
For any man their Prince affecteth best;
But after, till a generall election,
No man may speake with them.

L O D. You that attend on the Lord Cardinals
Open the window, and receiue their viands.

A CAR. You must returne the seruice; the L. Cardinals
Are busied 'bout electing of the Pope,
They haue giuen o're scrutiny, and are fallen
To admiration. L O D. Away, away.

FRAN. I'll lay a thousand Duckets you here news *A Cardinal*
Of a Pope presently, Hearke; sure he's elected, *on the Tarras*
Behold! my Lord of *Arragon* appears,
On the Church battlements.

ARRAGON. *Dennuntio vobis gaudium magnum. Reuerendissi-
mus Cardinalis Lorenzo de Monticelso electus est in sedem Apostoli-
cam, & elegit sibi nomen Paulum quartum.*

OMNES.

Vittoria Corombona.

OMNES. *Vivat sanctus Pater Paulus Quartus.*

SER. *Vittoria my Lord!*

FRAN. Wel: what of her? SER. Is fled the Citty, FRA. Ha?

SER. With Duke *Brachiano*. FRA. Fled? Where's the Prince

SER. Gone with his father.

(*Gionanni*

FRAN. Let the Matrona of the Conuertites
Be apprehended: fled & damnable!

How fortunate are my wishes. Why? 'twas this

I onely laboured. I did send the letter

T'instruct him what to doe. Thy fame, fond Duke,

I first haue poison'd; directed thee the way

To marrie a whore; what can be worse? This followes.

The hand must act to drowne the passionate tongue,

I scorne to weare a sword and prate of wrong.

Enter Monticello in state.

MON. My Lord reportes *Vittoria Corombona*.

Is stol'ne from forth the house of Conuertites

By *Brachiano*, and they're fled the Citty.

Now, though this bee the first daie of our state,

Wee cannot better please the diuine power,

Than to sequester from the holie Church.

These cursed persons. Make it therefore knowne,

Wee doe denounce excommunication

Against them both: all that are theirs in Rome

Wee likewise banish. Set on.

Exeunt.

FRAN. Come deare *Lodouico*.

You haue tane the sacrament to prosecute

Th' intended murder. L O D. With all constancie.

But, Sir, I wonder you'l ingage your selfe,

In person, being a great Prince. FRAN. Diuert mee not.

Most of his Court are of my faction,

And some are of my councill. Noble freind,

Our danger shall be 'like in this designe,

Giue leaue, part of the glorie may bee mine.

Why did the Duke of Florence with such care

Labour your pardon? say.

L O D. Italian beggars will resolute you that

Vittoria Corombona.

Who, begging of an almes, bid those they beg of *Enter Monticello.*
 Doe good for their owne sakes; or't may bee
 Hee spreads his bountie with a sowing hand,
 Like Kinges, who many times giue out of measure;
 Not for desert so much as for their pleasure.

MONT. I know you're cunning. Come, what deuill was that
 That you were raising? **LORD.** Deuill, my Lord?
 I aske you.

MONT. How doth the Duke imploy you, that his bonnet
 Fell with such complement vnto his knee,
 When hee departed from you? **LORD.** Why, my Lord,
 Hee told mee of a restie Barbarie horse
 Which he would faine haue brought to the carreere,
 The 'saule, and the ring galliard. Now, my Lord,
 I haue a rare French Rider. **MONT.** Take you heede:
 Least the Iade breake your necke. Doe you put mee off
 With your wild horse-trickes? Sirra you doe lie.
 O, thou 'rt a foule blacke cloud, and thou do'st threat
 A violent storme. **LORD.** Stormes are 'ith aire, my Lord;
 I am too low to storme. **MONT.** Wretched creature!
 I know that thou art fashion'd for all ill,
 Like dogges, that once get blood, they 'l euer kill.
 About some murder? wa'st not? **LORD.** Ile not tell you;
 And yet I care not greatly if I doe;
 Marry with this preparation. Holie father,
 I come not to you as an Intelligencer,
 But as a penitent sinner. What I vtter
 Is in confession meerely; which you know
 Must neuer bee reueal'd. **MONT.** You haue oretane mee.

LORD. Sir I did loue *Brachiano's* Dutchesse deerely;
 Or rather I pursued her with hot lust,
 Though shee nere knew on't. Shee was poyson'd;
 Vpon my soule shee was: for which I haue sworne
 'Tauenge her murder. **MONT.** To the Duke of Florence?

LORD. To him I haue. **MONT.** Miserable Creature!
 If thou persist in this, 't is damnable.
 Do'st thou imagine thou canst slide on blood

And

Vittoria Corombona!

And not be tainted with a shamefull fall?
 Or like the blacke, and melancholicke Eugh-tree,
 Do'st thinke to roote thy selfe in dead mens graues,
 And yet to prosper? Instruction to thee
 Comes like sweet shewers to ouer-hardned ground:
 They wet, but peirce not deepe. And so I leaue thee
 Withall the Furies hanging bout thy necke,
 Till by thy penitence thou remoue this euill,
 In coniuring from thy breast that cruell Deuill.

L O D. Ile giue it o're. He saies 'tis damable:

Exit Mon.

Besides I did expect his suffrage,

By reason of *Camillo's* death.

Enter seruants

F R A. Do you know that Count? S E R. Yes, my Lord. *& Francisco.*

F R A. Beare him these thousand Duckets to his lodging;

Tell him the Pope hath sent them. Happily

That will confirme more then all the rest. S E R. Sir.

L O D. To me sir

S E R. His holinesse hath sent you a thousand Crownes,
 And will you if you trauaile, to make him (commanded.

Your Patron for intelligence. L O D. His creature euer to bee

Why now 'tis come about. He rai'd vpon me;

And yet these Crownes were told out and laid ready,

Before he knew my voiage. O the Art

The modest forme of greatnesse! that do fit

Like Brides at wedding dinners, with their look's turn'd

From the least wanton iests, their puling stomacke

Sicke of the modesty, when their thoughts are loose.

Euen acting of those hot and lustfull sports

Are to ensue about midnight: such his cunning?

Hee soundes my depth thus with a golden plummet,

I am doubly arm'd now. Now to th'act of bloud,

There's but three furies found in spacious hell;

But in a great mans breast three thousand dwell.

A passage over the stage of Brachiano, Flaminio, Marcello, Hortensio, Corombona, Cornelia, Zanche and others.

F L A. In all the weary minutes of my life,

Day

Vittoria Corombona.

Day nere broke vp till now. This mariage
Confirme me happy. H. O. 'Tis a good assurance.
Saw you not yet the Moore that's come to Court?

F. L. A. Yes, and confer'd with him ith Dukes closet,
I haue not seene a goodlier personage,
Nor euer talkt with man better experienc't
In State-affaires or rudiments of warre.
Hee hath by report, seru'd the *Venetian*
In *Candy* these twice seuen yeares, and bene cheife
In many a bold designe. H. O. R. What are those two,
That beare him company?

F. L. A. Two Noblemen of *Hungary*, that liuing in the Empe-
rours seruice as commanders, eight yeares since, contrary to the
expectation of all the Court entred into religion, into the strickt
order of Capuchins: but being not well settled in their vnder-
taking they left their Order and returned to Court: for which be-
ing after troubled in conscience, they vowed their seruice against
the enemies of Christ; went to *Malta*; were there knighted; and
in their returne backe, at this great solemnity, they are resolu'd
for euer to forsake the world, and settle themselues here in a
house of Capuchines in *Padua*. H. O. R. 'Tis strange.

F. L. A. Onething makes it so. They haue vowed for euer to
weare next their bare bodies those coates of maile they ser-
ued in. H. O. R. Hard penance.

Is the Moore a Christian? F. L. A. Hee is.

H. O. R. Why proffers hee his seruice to our Duke?

F. L. V. Because he vnderstands ther's like to grow
Some warres betweene vs and the Duke of Florence,
In which hee hopes employment.

Enter Duke Brachiana.

I neuer saw one in a sterne bold looke
Weare more command, nor in a lofty phrase
Expresse more knowing, or more deepe contempt
Of our slight airy Courtiers. Hee talks
As if hee had trauail'd all the Princes Courts
Of Christendome; in all things striues t'expresse,
That all that should dispute with him may know,
Glories, like glow-wormes, a farre off shine bright

But

Vittoria Corombona.

But lookt to neare, haue neither heat nor light.
The Duke.

Enter Brachiano, Florence disguised like Mulinaffer; Lodovico, Antonelli, Gaspar, Farnese bearing their swordes and helmets.

BR A. You are nobly welcome. Wee haue heard at full
Your honourable seruice 'gainst the Turke.
To you, braue *Mulinaffer*, wee assigne
A competent pension: and are inly sorrow,
The vowes of those two worthie gentlemen,
Make them incapable of our proffer'd bountie.
Your wish is you may leaue your warlike swordes
For Monuments i n our Chappell. I accept it
As a great honour done mee, and must craue
Your leaue to furnish out our Dutchesse reuells.
Onely one thing, as the last vanitie
You ere shall view, denie mee not to stay
To see a Barriers prepar'd to night;
You shall haue priuate standings: It hath pleas'd
The great Ambassadors of seuerall Princes
In their returne from Rome to their owne Countries
To grace our marriage, and to honour mee
With such a kind of sport. FRAN. I shall perswade them
To stay, my Lord.

Exeunt Brachiano, Flaminius

Set on there to the presence and *Marcello*.

CAR. Noble my Lord, most fortunately wellcome,
You haue our vowes seal'd with the sacrament
To second your attempts. PED. And all thinges readie.
Hee could not haue inuented his owne ruine,
Had hee despair'd with more proprietie.

L O D. You would not take my way. F R A. 'Tis better ordered.

L O D. 'T haue poison'd his praier booke, or a paire of beades,
The pummell of his saddle, his looking-glasse,
Or th' handle of his racket, ô that, that!
That while he had bin bandying at Tennis,
He might haue sworne himselfe to hell, and strooke
His soule into the hazzard! O my Lord!
I would haue our plot bee ingenious,

The Conspirators here embrace.

Vittoria Corombona.

And haue it hereafter recorded for example
Rather than borrow example. **FRAN.** There's no way
More speeding than this thought on. **LOD.** On then.

FRAN. And yet mee thinkes that this reuenge is poore,
Because it steales vpon him like a theif,
To haue tane him by the Caske in a pitche feild,
Led him to Florence! **LOD.** It had bin rare. — And there
Haue crown'd him with a wreath of stinking garlicke.
T'haue showne the sharpnesse of his gouernment; *Exeunt Lodo-*
And rancknesse of his lust. *nico Antonelli,*

Flamineo comes.

Enter Flamineo, Marcello,

MAR. Why doth this deuill haunt you? say. *and Zanche.*

FLA. I know not.

For by this light I doe not coniure for her.
Tis not so great a cunning as men thinke
To raise the deuill: for heeres one vp allreadie,
The greatest cunning were to lay him downe

MAR. Shee is your shame. **FLA.** I prethee pardon her.
In faith you see, women are like to burres;
Where their affection throwes them, there they'l sticke.

ZAN. That is my Country-man, a goodly person;
When hee's at leisure Ile discourse with him *Exit Zanche*
In ourowne language. **FLA.** I beseech you doe,
How is't' braue souldier; ô that I had seene
Some of your iron daies! I pray relate
Some of your seruice to vs.

FRAN. Tis a ridiculous thing for a man to bee his owne
Chronicle, I did neuer wash my mouth with mine owne praise
for feare of getting a stinking breath.

MAR. You're too Stoicall. The Duke will expect other
discourse from you

FRAN. I shall neuer flatter him, I haue studied man to much
to do that: What difference is betweene the Duke and I? no more
than betweene two bricke; all made of one clay. Onely't may
bee one is plac't on the top of a turret; the other in the bottom
of a well by meere chance; if I were plac't as high as the Duke,
I should sticke as fast; make as faire a shew; and beare out
weather

Vittoria Corombona

weather equally.

FLA. If this souldier had a patent to beg in Churches, then hee would tell them stories, MAR. I haue bin a souldier too.

FRAN. How haue youthriu'd; MAR. Faith poorly.

FRAN. That's the miserie of peace. Onely outsidies are them respected: As shippes seeme verie great vpon the riuer, which shew verie little vpon the Seas: So some men i'th Court seeme *Colossusses* in a chamber, who if they came into the feild would appeare pittifull. Pigmies.

FLA. Giue mee a faire roome yet hung with Arras, and some great Cardinall to lug mee by th' cares as his endeared Minion.

FRA. And thou maist doe, the deuill knowes what vilanie.

FLA. And safely.

FRA. Right; you shall see in the Countrie in haruest time, pigeons, though they destroy neuer so much corne, the farmer dare not present the fowling peece to them! why? because they belong to the Lord of the Mannor; whilest your poore sparrows that belong to the Lord of heauen, they go to the pot for't.

FLA. I will now giue you some pollicicke instruction. The Duke saies hee will giue you pension; that's but bare promise: get it vnder his hand. For I haue knowne men that haue come from seruing against the Turke; for three or foure moneths they haue had pension to buy them new wooden legges and fresh plaisters; but after 'twas not to bee had. And this miserable curtesie shewes, as if a Tormenter should giue hot cordiall drinkes to one three quarters dead o'th' racke, onely to fetch the miserable soule againe to indure more dogdaies.

*Enter Hortensio,
a young Lord, Zanthe, and two more.*

How now, Gallants; what are they readie for the Barriers?

Y. LORD. Yes: the Lordes are putting on their armour.

HOR. What's hee?

FLA. A new vp-start: one that sweares like a Falcknet, and will lye in the Dukes eare day by day like a maker of Almanacks; And yet I knew him since hee came to th' Court smell worse of sweat than an vnder-tennis-court keeper.

HOR. Looke you, yonder's your sweet Mistresse.

Vittoria Corombona.

FLA. Thou art my sworne brother, I'll tell thee, I doe loue that Moore, that Witch very constrainedly: shee knowes some of my villanny; I do loue her, iust as a man holds a wolfe by the eares. But for feare of turning vpon mee, and pulling out my throate, I would let her go to the Deuill.

HOR. I heare she claimes marriage of thee.

FLA. Faith, I made to her some such darke promise, and in seeking to flye from't I run on, like a frighted dog with a bottle at's taile, that faine would bite it off and yet dares not looke behind him. Now my pretious Gipsie!

ZAN. I, your loue to me rather cooles then heates.

FLA. Marry, I am the sounder, louer, we haue many wenches about the Towne heate too fast.

HOR. What do you thinke of these perfum'd Gallants then?

FLAM. Their fattery cannot saue them. I am confident They haue a certaine spice of the disease, For they that sleep with dogs, shall rise with fleas.

ZAN. Seleeue it! A little painting and gay clothes, Make you loath me.

FLA. How? loue a Lady for painting or gay apparell? I'll vnkennell one example more for thee. *Esop* had a foolish dog that let go the flesh to catch the shadow. I would haue Courtiers bee better *Diuers*. ZAN. You remember your oathes.

FLA. Louers oathes are like Marriners prayers, vttered in extremity; but when the tempest is o're, and that the vessell leaues tumbling, they fall from protesting to drinking. And yet amongst Gentlemen protesting and drinking go together, and agree as well as Shoemakers and West-phalia bacon. They are both drawers on: for drinke drawes on protestation; and protestation drawes on more drinke. Is not this discourse better now then the mortality of your sun-burnt Gentleman. *Enter Cornelia.*

COR. Is this your pearch, you haggard? flye to'th stewes.

FLA. You should be clapt by th'heelles now: strike i'th Court.

ZAN. She's good for nothing but to make her maids, Catch cold a nights; they dare not vse a bedstaffe, For feare of her light fingers. MAR. Your'e a strumpet. An impudent one. FLA. Why do you kicke her? say,

Vittoria Corombona.

Do you thinke that she's like a walnut-tree?

Must she be cudgel'd ere shee beare good fruit?

MAR. Shee brags that you shall marry her. FLA. What then?

MAR. I had rather she were pitcht vpon a stake

In some new-seeded garden, to affright

Her fellow crows thence. FLA. Your a boy, a foole,

Be guardian to your hound, I am of age.

MAR. If I take her neere you I'll cut her throate.

FLA. With a fan of feathers? MAR. And for you, I'll whip

This folly from you. FLAM. Are you cholericke?

I'll purg't with Rubarbe. HOR. O your brother. FLA. Hang him.

Hee wrongs me most that ought to offend mee least,

I do suspect my mother plaid foule play,

When she conceiu'd thee. MAR. Now by all my hopes.

Like the two slaughterd sonnes of *Oedipus*,

The very flames of our affection,

Shall turne to waies. Those words I'll make thee answere

With thy heart blood. FLA. Doe like the geesse in the progresse,

You know where you shall finde mee. MAR. Very good,

And thou bee'st a noble, friend, beare him my sword,

And bid him sit the length on't. Y. LORD. Sir I shall.

ZAN. He comes. Hence petty thought of my disgrace,

I neere lou'd my complexion till now,

Cause I may boldly say without a blush,

I loue you. FLA. Your loue is vntimely sowne;

Ther's a Spring at Michaelmas, but 'tis but a faint one, I am suncke

In yeares, and I haue vowed neuer to marry.

ZAN. Alas! poore maides get more louers then husbands,

Yet you may mistake my wealth. For, as when Embassadors

are sent to congratulate Princes, there's commonly sent along

with them a rich present; so that though the Prince like not the

Embassadors person nor words, yet he likes well of the present-

ment. So I may come to you in the same maner, & be better loued

for my dowry then my vertue. FLA. I'll thinke on the motion.

ZAN. Do, I'll now detaine you no longer. At your better

leasure I'll tell you things shall startle your blood.

Nor blame me that this passion I reueale;

Vittoria Corombona.

Louers dye inward that their flames conceale,

FLA. Of all intelligence this may proue the best,
Sure I shall draw strange fowle, from this foule nest.

Exeunt.

Enter Marcello and Cornelia.

COR. I heare a whispering all about the Court,
You are to fight, who is your opposite?

What is the quarrell? MAR. 'Tis an idle rumour.

COR. Will you dissemble? sure you do not well
To fright me thus, you neuer look thus pale,
But when you are most angry. I do charge you
Vpon my blessing; nay I'll call the Duke,
And he shall schooke you. MAR. Publish not a feare
Which would conuert to laughter, 'tis not so,
Was not this Crucifix my fathers? COR. Yes.

MAR. I haue heard you say, giuing my brother sucke,
Hee tooke the Crucifix betweene his hands, *Enter Flamino,*
And broke a limbe off. COR. Yes: but 'tis mended.

FLA. I haue brought your weapon backe. *Flamino runs*

COR. Ha, O my horrout *Marcello through.*

MAR. You haue brought it home indeed.

COR. Helpe, oh he's murdered.

FLA. Do you turne your gaule vp? I'll to sanctuary,
And send a surgeon to you. HOR. How? o'th ground?

MAR. O mother now remember what I told,
Of breaking off the Crucifix: farewell *Enter Car. Hort.*
There are some sinnes which heauen doth duly punish, *Pedro.*
In a whole family. This it is to rise

By all dishonest meanes. Let all men know
That tree shall long time keepe a steddy foote
Whose branches spread no wilder then the roote.

COR. O my perpetuall sorrow! HOR. Vertuous *Marcello.*
Hee's dead: pray leaue him Lady; come, you shall.

COR. Alas he is not dead: hee's in a trance.
Why here's no body shall get any thing by his death. Let me call
him againe for Gods sake. CAR. I would you were deceiu'd.

COR. O you abuse mee, you abuse me, you abuse me. How
many haue gone away thus for lacke of tendance; reare vp's head,
reare

reare vp's head; His bleeding inward will kill him.

H O R. You see hee is departed.

C O R. Let mee come to him; giue mee him as hee is, if hee bee turn'd to earth; let mee but giue him one heartie kisse, and you shall put vs both into one coffin: fetch a looking glasse, see if his breath will not staine it; or pull out some feathers from my pillow, and lay them to his lippes, will you loofe him for a little paines taking? H O R. Your kindest office is to pray for him.

C O R. Alas! I would not pray for him yet. Hee may liue to lay mee ith' ground, and pray for mee, if you'l let mee come to him.

Enter Brachiano all armed, (sane

B R A. Was this your handy worke? *the beauer, with*

F L A. It was my misfortune. *Flamino.*

C O R. Hee lies, hee lies, hee did not kill him: these haue kill'd him, that would not let him bee better look't to.

B R A. Haue comfort my greiu'd Mother.

C O R. O you scritch-owle. H O R. Forbeare, good Madam.

C O R. Let mee goe, let mee goe. *Shee runes to Flamino.*
The God of heauen forgiue thee. Do'st not wonder *with her*
I pray for thee? Ile tell thee what's the reason, *knif drawne and*
I haue scarce breath to number twentie minutes; *comming to*
Ide not spend that in cursing. Fare thee well *him lets it fall.*

Halfe of thy selfe lies there: and maist thou liue

To fill an howre-glasse with his mouldred ashes,

To tell how thou shouldst spend the time to come

In blest repentance. B R A. Mother, pray tell mee

How came hee by his death? what was the quarrell?

C O R. Indeed my yonger boy presum'd too much.

Vpon his manhood; gaue him bitter wordes;

Drew his sword first; and so I know not how,

For I was out of my wits, hee fell with's head

Iust in my bosome. P A G E. This is not trew Madam.

C O R. I pray thee peace.

One arrow's graz'd already; it were vaine

T'lose this: for that will nere bee found againe.

B R A. Go, beare the bodie to *Cornelia's* lodging:

And wee commaund that none acquaint our Dutchesse

With.

Victoria Corembona

With this sad accident: for you *Flamino*,
Hearke you, I will not graunt your pardon. *FLA.* No?

BRA. Onely a lease of your life. And that shall last
But for one day. Thou shalt be forc't each euening to renew it,
or be hang'd. *FLA.* At your pleasure.

Lodouico sprinkles *Brachiano's* beauer with a poison.
Your will is law now, Ile not meddle with it.

BRA. You once did braue mee in your sisters lodging;
Ile now keepe you in awe for't. Where's our beauer?

FRAN. Hee calls for his destruction. Noble youth,
I pittie thy sad fate. Now to the barriers.

This shall his passage to the blacke lake further,

The last good deed hee did, he pardon'd murther. *Exeunt.*

*Charges and shoutes, They fight at Barriers,
first single paires, then three to three.*

Enter Brachiano & Flamino with others.

BRA. An Armorer? vds death an Armorer?

FLA. Armorer; where's the Armorer?

BRA. Teare off my beauer. *FLA.* Are you hurt, my Lord?

BRA. O my braine's on fire, *Enter Armorer.*

The helmet is poison'd. *ARM.* My Lord vpon my sonle.

BRA. Away with him to torture.

There are some great ones that haue hand in this,
And neere about me. *VIT.* O my loued Lord, poisoned?

FLA. Remoue the barre: heer's vnfortunate reuls,
Call the Physitions; a plague vpon you; *Ent. 2 Physitians*

Wee haue to much of your cunning here already.
I feare the Embassadours are likewise poyson'd.

BRA. Oh I am gone already: the infection
Flies to the braine and heart. O thou strong heart?
There's such a couenant 'twene the world and it,
They're loath to breake. *GIO.* O my most loued father!

BRA. Remoue the boy away,

Where's this good woman? had I infinite worlds

They were too little for thee. Must I leaue thee?

What say yon scritch-owles, is the venomne mortall?

PHYS. Most deadly. *BRA.* Most corrupted pollictick hangma

You

1
Vittoria Corombona.

You kill without booke; but your art to saue
Failes you as oft, as great mens needy friends,
I that haue giuen life to offending slaues
And wretched murderers, haue I not power
To lengthen mine owne a twelue-month?
Do not kisse me, for I shall poyson thee.
This vnction is sent from the great Duke of Florence.

FRA. Sir bee of comfort;

BRA. O thou soft naturall death, that art ioint-twin,
To sweetest slumber: no rough-bearded Comet,
Stares on thy milde departure: the dull Owle
Beates not against thy casement: the hoarse wolfe
Sents not thy carion: Pitty windes thy coarſe,
Whilst horror waights on Princes. VIT. I am lost for euer.

BRA. How miserable a thing it is to die,
Mongst women howling! What are those. FLA. *Franciscans.*
They haue brought the extreame vnction.

BRA. On paine of death, let no man name death to me,
It is a word infinitely terrible,
Withdraw into our Cabinet *Exeunt but Francisco and Flaminius.*

FLA. To see what solitarinesse is about dying Princes. As
heretofore they haue vnpeopled Townes; diuorst friends, and
made great houses vnospitable: so now, O iustice! where are
their flatterers now? Flatterers are but the shadowes of Princes
bodies the least thicke cloud makes them inuisible.

FRA. There's great moane made for him.

FLA. Faith, for some few howers salt water will runne most
plentifully in euery Office o'th Court. But beleue it; most of
them do but weepe ouer their step-mothers graues.

FRA. How meane you?

FLA. Why? They dissemble, as some men doe that liue
within compasse o'th verge.

FRA. Come you haue thriu'd well vnder him.

FLA. Faith, like a wolfe in a womans breast; I haue beene
fed with poultry; but for money, vnderstand me, I had as good a
will to cosen him, as e're an Officer of them all. But I had not
cunning enough to doe it.

K

FRA.

Vittoria Corombona.

FRAN. What did'st thou thinke of him; 'saith speake freely.

FLA. Hee was a kinde of States-man, that would sooner haue reckond how many Cannon bullets he had discharged against a Towne, to count his expence that way, than how many of his valiant and deseruing subiects hee lost before it.

FRAN. O, speake well of the Duke. FLA. I haue done. Will't heare some of my Court wisdomes? *Enter Lodmico.* To reprehend Princes is dangerous; and to ouer-commend some of them is palpable lying. FRAN. How is it with the Duke?

L O D. Most deadly ill.

Hee's fall'n into a strange distraction.

Hee talkes of Battrailes and Monopolies,

Leuying of taxes, and from that descends

To the most brain-sicke language. His minde fastens

On twentie scuerall obiects, which confound

Deepe Sence with follie. Such a fearefull end

May teach some men that beare too losstie crest,

Though they liue happiest, yet they dye not best.

Hee hath conferr'd the whole State of the Dukedome

Vpon your sister, till the Prince arriue

At mature age. FLA. There's some good lucke in that yet.

FRAN. See heere he comes. *Enter Brachiano, presented in a bed.*

There's death in's face allready. *Vittoria and others.*

VIT. O my good Lord! BRA. Away, you haue abus'd mee.

You haue conuayd coyne forth our territories;

Bought and sold offices; oppres'd the poore,

And I nere dreamt on't. Make vp your accountes;

Ille now bee mine owne Steward. FLA. Sir, haue patience.

BRA. Indeed I am too blame.

For did you euer heare the duskie rauens

Chide blacknesse? or wast euer knowne, the diuell

Raild against clouen Creatures. VIT. O my Lord!

BRA. Let mee haue some quailles to supper. FLA. Sir, you shal.

BRA. No: some fried dog-fish. Your Quailles feed on poison,

That old dog-fox, that Polititian Florence;

He forswaere hunting and turne dog-killer;

Rare! Ille bee frindes with him: for marke you, sir, one dog

Still

*These speeches
are severall
kinds of dis-
tractions and
in the action
should ap-
peare so.*

Vittoria Corombona

Still sets another a barking: peace, peace,
Yonder's a fine slave come in now. FLA. Where?

BRA. Why there!

In a blew bonnet, and a paire of breeches
With a great codpeece. Ha, ha, ha,
Looke you his codpeece is stucke full of pinnes
With pearles o'th head of them. Doe not you know him?

FLA. No, my Lord. BRA. Why 'tis the Deuill.

I know him by a great rose he weares on's shooe
To hide his clouen foot. Ile dispute with him.
Hee's a rare linguist. VIT. My Lord heer's nothing.

BRA. Nothing? rare! nothing! when I want monie,
Our treasure is emptie; there is nothing,
Ile not bee v'd thus. VIT. O'ly still, my Lord

BRA. See, see, *Flamino* that kill'd his brother
Is dancing on the ropes there; and he carries
A monie-bag in each hand, to keepe him euen,
For feare of breaking's necke. And there's a Lawyer
In a gowne whipt with veluet, stares and gapes
When the mony will fall. How the rogue cuts capers!
It should haue bin in a haker.

'Tis there; what's shee? FLA. *Vittoria*, my Lord.

BRA. Ha, ha, ha! Her haire is sprinkled with Arras powder,
that makes her looke as if she had sinn'd in the Pastrie. What's
hee? FLA. A Diuine my Lord.

BRA. Hee will bee drunke: Auoid him: th' argument is
fearefull when Church-men stagger in't.

Looke you; six gray rats that haue lost their tailes, crall vp the
pillow, send for a Rat-catcher.

Ile doe a miracle: Ile free the Court
From all foule vermin. Where's *Flamino*?

FLA. I doe not like that hee names mee so often,
Especially on's death-bed: 'tis a signe
I shall not liue long: see hee's neere his end.

Lod. Pray giue vs leaue; *Attende Domine Brachiano*,

FLA. See, see, how firmly hee doth fixe his eye
Vpon the Crucifix. VIT. O hold it constant.

*Brachiano
seemes heere
neare his end.
Lodruico &
Gasparo in
the habit of
Capuchins
present him
in his bed
with a Cru-
cifix and hal-
lowed candle.*

Vittoria Corombona.

It settles his wild spirits; and so his eies
Melt into teares.

L O D. Domine Brachiane, solebas in bello tutus esse tuo clypeo,
nunc hunc clypeum hosti tuo opponas infernali.

G A S. Olim hasta valuisti in bello; nunc hanc sacram hastam vi-
brabis contra hostem animarum.

L O D. Attend Domine Brachiane si nunc quoque probas ea que
acta sunt inter nos, flecte Caput in dextrum.

G A S. Esto securus Domine Brachiane: cogita quantum habeas
meritorum denique memineris meam animam pro tua oppignoratam si
quid esset periculi.

L O D. Si nunc quoque probas ea que acta sunt inter nos, flecte ca-
put in lenum:

Hee is departing: pray stand all apart,

And let vs onely whisper in his eares

Some priuate meditations, which our order Heare therest

Permits you not to heare. **G A S.** Brachiano. being departed Lo-

L O D. Deuill Brachiano. donico and Gasparo discover them-
Thou art damn'd. **G A S.** Perpetually. selues.

L O D. A slaue condemn'd, and giuen vp to the gallows.

Is thy great Lord and Master. **G A S.** True: for thou

Art giuen vp to the deuill. **L O D.** O you slaue!

You that were held the famous Pollitician;

Whose art was poison. **G A S.** And whose conscience murder.

L O D. That would haue broke your wiues necke downe the
staires ere she was poison'd. **G A S.** That had your villanous

L O D. And fine imbrodered bottles, (fallets

And perfumes

Equally mortall with a winter plague

G A S. Now there's Mercarie. **L O D.** And coppereffe

G A S. And quicke-siluer.

L O D. With other deuclish potticarie stuffe

A melting in your polliticke braines: do'st heare.

G A S. This is Count Lodonico. **L O D.** This Gasparo.

And thou shalt die like a poore rogue. **G A S.** And stinke

Like a dead flie-blowne dog.

L O D. And be forgotten before thy funerall sermon.

B.A.

Vittoria Corombona.

BRA. *Vittoria?* *Vittoria!* **LOD.** O the cursed deuill,]
Come to himsele a gaine. Wee are vndone.

Enter Vittoria and she attend.

(again)

GAS. Strangle him in priuate. What ? will you call him
To line in treble torments ? for charitie,
For Christian chasitie, auoid the chamber.

LOD. You would prate, Sir. This is a true-loue knot
Sent from the Duke of Florence.

Brachiano is strangled

GAS. What is it done?

LOD. The snuffe is out. No woman-keeper i'th world,
Though shee had practis'd seuen yere at the Pest-house,
Could haue done't quaintlyer. My Lordes hee's dead.

OMN. Rest to his soule.

VIT. O mee ! this place is hell. *Exit Vittoria.*

FLO. How heauily shee takes it. **FLA.** O yes, yes ;
Had women nauigable riuers in their eies
They would dispend them all ; surely I wonder
Why wee should wish more riuers to the Cittie,
When they sell water so good cheape. Ile tell thee,
These are but Moonish shades of greifes or seares,
There's nothing sooner drie than womens-teares.
Why heere's an end of all my haruest, hee has giuen mee nothing
Court promises ! Let wisemen count them curst
For while you liue hee that scores best paies worst.

FLO. Sure, this was Florence doing. **FLA.** Very likelie.
Those are sound waightie strokes which come from th'hand,
But those are killing strokes which come from th'head.
O the rare trickes of a Machiullian !

Hee doth not come like a grosse plodding slaue
And buffet you to death : No, my quaint knaue,
Hee tickles you to death ; makes you die laughing ;
As if you had swallow'd downe a pound of saffron
You see the feat, 'tis practis'd in a trice
To teach Court-honestie, it iumpes on Ice.

FLQ. Now haue the people libertie to talke
And descant on his vices. **FLA.** Miserie of Princes,
That must of force bee censur'd by their slaues.

Vittoria Corombona.

Not onely blam'd for doing things are ill,
But for not doing all that all men will.
One were better be a thresher.

Vds' death, I would faine speake with this Duke yet.

FLO. Now hee's dead?

FLAM. I cannot coniure; but if praiera or oathes
VVill get to th' speech of him: though forty deuils
VVaight on him in his liuery of flames,

Ile speake to him, and shake him by the hand,

Though I bee blasted. FRA. Excellent *Lodomico!*

VVhat? did you terrifie him at the last gaspe? *Exit Flamenco.*

LON. Yes; and so idely, that the Duke had like
T'haue terrified vs. FRA. How? *Enter the Moore.*

LON. You shall heare that hereafter,
See! yon's the infernall, that would make vp sport.

Now to the reuelation of that secret,

Shee promi't when she fell in loue with you.

FLO. You're passionately met in this sad world.

MOO. I would haue you look vp, Sir; these Court teares
Claime not your tribute to them. Let those weepe
That guiltily pertake in the sad cause.

I knew last night by a sad dreame I had
Some mischief would insue; yet to say truth
My dreame most concern'd you.

LON. Shal's fall a dreaming?

FRA. Yes, and for fashion sake Ile dreame with her.

MOO. Mee thought fir, you came stealing to my bed.

FRA. VVilt thou belecue me sweeting; by this light
I was a dreamt on thee too: for me thought
I saw thee naked MOO. Fy fir! as I told you,
Me thought you lay downe by me.

FRA. So dreamt I;

And least thou should'st take cold, I couer'd thee
VVith this Irish mantle. MOO. Verily I did dreame,
You were somewhat bold with me; but to come to't.

LON. How now? I hope you will not go to't here.

FRA. Nay: you must heare my dreame out.

MOORE.

Vittoria Corombona

MOORE. VVell, fir, forth.

FRA. VVhen I thrēw the mantle ore thee, thou didst laugh
Exceedingly me thought. MOORE. Laugh?

FRA. And cridst out,
The haire did tickle thee. MOO. There was a dreame indeed.

L O D. Marke her I prethee, shee simpers like the suddes
A Collier hath bene washt in.

MOO. Come, fir; good fortune tends you; I did tell you
I would reueale a secret, *Isabella*

The Duke of Florence sister was impoison'd,
By a fum'd picture: and *Camillo's* necke

Was broke by damn'd *Flamineo's* the mischance
Laid on a vaulting horse. FRA. Most strange!

MOO. Most true. L O D. The bed of snakes is broke.

MOO. I sadly do confesse I had a hand
In the blacke deed.

FRA. Thou kepts their counsell, MOO. Right,

For which, vrg'd with contrition, I intend

This night to rob *Vittoria*. L O D. Excellent penitence!

Vsurers dreame on't while they sleepe our Sermons.

MOO. To further our escape, I haue entreated
Leaue to retire me, till the funerall,

Vnto a friend i'th country. That excuse

Will further our escape, In coine and iewels

I shall, at least, make good vnto your vse

An hundred thousand crowns, FRA. O noble wench!

L O D. Those crownes we'le share. MOO. It is a dowry,

Me thinkes, should make that sun-burnt proverbe false,

And waste the Ethiop white. FRA. It shall, away

MOO. Berady for our flight. FRA. An howre fore day.

O strange discovery! why till now we knew not *Exit the Moore.*

The circumstance of either of their deaths.

Enter Moore.

MOO. You'le waight about midnight

In the Chappel. FRA. There.

L O D. Why now our action's iustified,

FRA. Tush for iustice.

What harmes it iustice? we now, like the partridge

Purge

Vittoria Corombona.

Purge the disease with lawrell: for the same
Shall crowne the enterprize and quit the shame.

Exeunt.

*Enter Flam. and Gasp. at two doore, another way
Gionanni attended.*

13. *GAS.* The yong Duke: Did you e're see a sweeter Prince?

FLA. I haue knowne a poore womans bastard better fauor'd,
This is behind him: Now, to his face all cōparisons were hateful:
Wife was the Courtly Peacocke, that being a great Minion, and
being compar'd for beauty, by some dottrels that stood by, to
the Kingly Eagle, said the Eagle was a farre fairer bird then
herselfe; not in respect of her feathers, but in respect of her long
Tallants. His will grow out in time,

My gracious Lord. *GIO.* I pray leaue mee Sir.

FLA. Your Grace must be merry: 'tis I haue cause to mourne,
for wot you what said the little boy that rode behind his father
on horsebacke? *GIO.* Why, what said hee?

FLA. When you are dead father (said he) I hope then I shall
ride in the saddle, O 'tis a braue thing for a man to sit by himselfe:
he may stretch himselfe in the stirrups, looke about, and see the
whole compasse of the Hemisphere, you're now, my Lord, in
faddle. *GIO.* Study your praiers, sir, and be penitent,

'Twere fit you'd thinke on what hath former bin,
I haue heard grieue nam'd the eldest child of sinne. *Exit Gion.*

FLA. Study my praiers? he threatens me diuinely,
I am falling to peeces already, I care not, though, like *Anacharsis*
I were pounded to death in a mortar. And yet that death were
fitter for Vsurers gold and themselues to be beaten together, to
make a most cordiall cullice for the deuill.

He hath his vnckles villanous looke already, *Enter Courtier.*
In decimo sexto. Now sir, what are you?

COVR. It is the pleasure sir, of the yong Duke
That you forbear the Presence, and all roomes
That owe him reuerence.

FLAM. So, the wolfe and the rauē are very pretty fools when
they are yong. Is it your office, sir, to keepe me out?

COVR. So the Duke wils.

FLA. Verely, Maister Courtier, extremitie is not to bee vsed
in

Vittoria Corombona.

in all offices: Say that a gentlewoman were taken out of her bed about midnight, and committed to Castle Angelo, to the Tower yonder, with nothing about her, but her smocke: would it not shew a cruell part in the gentleman porter to lay clame to her vpper garment, pull it ore her head and eares; and put her in nak'd? COVR. Very good: you are merrie

FLA. Doth hee make a Court eieftment of mee? A flaming firebrand casts more smoke without a chimney, then withint. Ile smooore some of them.

Enter Florence.

Hew now? Thou hart sad.

FRAN. I met euen now with the most pitious sight.

FLA. Thou metst another heare a pittifull

Degraded Courtier. FRAN. Your reuerend mother

Is growne a very old woman in two howers.

I found them winding of *Marcello's* coarfe;

And there is such a solemne melodie

'Twene dolefull songes, teares, and sad elegies:

Such, as old grandames, watching by the dead,

Were wont t'out-weare the nights with; that belecue mee

I had no eies to guide mee forth the roome,

They were so ore-charg'd with water. FLA. I will see them.

FRAN. 'Twere much vncharety in you: for your sight

Will adde vnto their teares. FLA. I will see them.

They are behind the trauers. Ile discover

Their superstitious howling.

*Cornelia, the Moore and 3. other Ladies discovered, winding
Marcello's Coarfe. A song.*

COR. This rosemarie is wither'd, pray get fresh;

I would haue these herbes grow vp in his graue

When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bayes,

Ile tye a garland heere about his head:

'Twill keepe my boy from lightning. This sheet

I haue kept this twentie yere, and euerie daie

Hallow'd it with my praiers, I did not thinke

Hee should haue wore it. MOO. Looke you; who are yonder.

COR. O reach mee the flowers.

MOO. Her Ladiships foolish. WOM. Alas! her grief

L

Hath

Vittoria Corombona.

Hath turn'd her child againe. C O R. You're very wellcome.
There's Rosemarie for you; and Rue for you, *to Flamineo.*
Hearts-ease for you. I pray make much of it,
I haue left more for my selfe. F R A N. Ladie, who's this?

C O R. You are, I take it, the graue-maker. F L A. So.

M O O. 'Tis *Flamineo*.

C O R. Will you make mee such a foole? heere's a white hand:
Can bloud so soone bee washt out? Let mee see,
When scritch-howles croke vpon the chimney tops,
And the strange Cricket ith ouen finges and hoppes,
When yellow spots doe on your handes appeare,
Bee certaine then you of a Course shall heare.
Out vpon't, how 'tis speckled! h'as handled a toad sure.
Couslep-water is good for the memorie: pray buy mee 3. ounce
of it. F L A. I would I were from hence. C O R. Do you heere,
Ile giue you a saying which my grandmother (fir?
Was wont, when she heard the bell tolle, to sing ore vnto her lute
F L A. Doe and you will, doe.

C O R. *Call for the Robin-Red-breast and the wren,
Since ore shadie growes they houer,
And with leaues and flowres doe couer
The friendlesse bodies of vnburied men.
Call vnto his funerall Dole*

*Cornelia doth this
in severall formes
of distraction.*

*The Ant, the field-mouse, and the mole
To reare him hillockes, that shall keepe him warme,
And (when gay tombes are rob'd) sustaine no harme,
But keepe the wolfe far thence: that's foe to men,
For with his nailes hee'l dig them vp agen.
They would not bury him 'cause hee died in a quarrell
But I haue an answer for them.*

Let holie Church receiue him duly

Since hee payd the Church tithes truly.

His wealth is sum'd, and this is all his store:

This poore men get; and great men get no more.

Now the wares are gone, wee may shut vp shop.

Blesse you all good people,

Exeunt Cornelia and Ladies.

F L A. I haue a strange thing in mee, to th' which

I can-

Vittoria Corombonai

I cannot giue a name, without it bee

Compassion, I pray leaue mee.

Exit Francisco.

This night Ile know the vt most of my fate,

Ile bee resolu'd what my rich sister meanes

T'assigne mee for my seruice: I haue liu'd

Riotously ill, like some that liue in Court.

And sometimes, when my face was full of smiles

Haue felt the mase of conscience in my brest.

Oft gay and honour'd robes those tortures trie,

„ Wee thinke cag'd birds sing, when indeed they crie.

Ha! I can stand thee. Nearer, nearer yet. *Enter Brachia. Ghost.*

What a mockerie hath death made of thee? thou look'st sad.

In what place art thou? in yon starrie gallerie,

Or in the curfed dungeon? No? not speake?

Pray, Sir, resolute mee, what religions best

For a man to die in? or is it in your knowledge

To answere mee how long I haue to liue?

That's the most necessaric question.

Not answere? Are you still like some great men

That onely walke like shadowes vp and downe,

And to no purpose: say: —

What's that? O fatall! hee throwes earth vpon mee.

A dead mans scull beneath the rootes of flowers.

I pray speake Sir, our Italian Church-men

Make vs beleue, dead men hold conference

With their familiars, and many times

Will come to bed to them, and eat with them.

Hee's gone; and see, the scull and earth are vanish.

This is beyond melancholie. I doe dare my fate

To doe its worst. Now to my sisters lodging,

And summe vp all these horrors; the disgrace

The Prince threw on mee; next the pitious fight

Of my dead brother; and my Mothers dorage;

And last this terrible vision. All these

Shall with Vittoria's bountie turne to good,

Or I will drowne this weapon in her blood.

Exit.

Enter Francisco, Ledonico, and Hortensio.

L 2

L O D.

*In his lea-
ther Cassock
& breeches
boots, a coo-
apot of lilly
flowers with
a sculline.*

*The Ghost
throwes ear-
th vpon him &
shewes him
the scull.*

Exit Ghost.

Vittoria Corombona.

14
L O D. My Lord vpon my soule you shall no further:
 You haue most ridiculouslly ingag'd your selfe
 Too far allready. For my part, I haue payd
 All my debts, so if I should chance to fall
 My Creditours fall not with mee; and I vow
 To quite all in this bold assemblie
 To the meanest follower. My Lord leaue the Cittie,
 Or Ile forswear the murder. **FRAN.** Farewell *Lodouico.*
 If thou dost perish in this glorious act,
 Ile reare vnto thy memorie that fame
 Shall in the ashes keepe aliue thy name.

H O R. There's some blacke deed on foot. Ile presently
 Downe to the Citadell, and raise some force.
 These strong Court factions that do brooke no checks,
 In the cariere of't breake the Riders neckes.

FLA. What are you at your prayers? Giue o're.

VIT. How Ruffin?

FLA. I come to you 'bout worldly businesse:
 Sit downe, sit downe: Nay stay blouze, you may heare it,
 The dores are fast inough. **VIT.** Ha, are you drunke?

FLA. Yes, yes, with wormewood water, you shall tast
 Some of it presently. **VIT.** What intends the fury?

FLA. You are my Lords Executrix, and I claime
 Reward, for my long seruice. **VIT.** For your seruice

FLA. Come therefore heere is pen and Inke, set downe
 What you will giue me.

VIT. There, **FLA.** Halhaue you done already,
 'Tis a most short conueyance. **VIT.** I will read it.
 I giue that portion to thee, and no other
 Which *Caine* gron'd vnder hauing slaine his brother.

FLA. A most courtly Pattennt to beg by.

VIT. You are a villaine.

FLV. Is't come to this? the say affrights cure agues:
 Thou hast a Deuill in thee; I will try
 If I can scarre him from thee: Nay sit still:
 My Lord hath left me yet two case of Iewels
 Shall make me scorne your bounty; you shall see the.

VIT.

Enter Vittoria with a booke in her hand. Zanke, Flamineo, following them.

Shee writes.

Vittoria Corombona.

VIT. Sure hee's distracted. ZAN. O he's desperate
For your owne safety giue him gentle language.

FLA. Looke, these are better far at a dead list,
Then all your iewell house. VIT. And yet mee thinkes,
These stones haue no faire lustre, they are ill set.

FLA. Ple turne the right side towards you: you shall see
how the will sparkle. VIT. Turne this horror from mee:
What do you want? what would you haue mee doe?
Is not all mine, yours? haue I any children?

FLA. Pray thee good woman doe not trouble mee
With this vaine wordly businesse; say your prayers,
I made a vow to my deceased Lord,
Neither your selfe, nor I should out-lie him,
The numbring of foure howers. VIT. Did he enioyne it.

FLA. He did, and 'twas a deadly ieaousy,
Least any should enioy thee after him;
That vrg'd him vow me to it: For my death
I did propound it voluntarily, knowing
If hee could not be safe in his owne Court
Being a great Duke, what hope then for vs?

VIT. This is your melancholy and dispaire. FLA. Away,
Foole, thou art to thinke that Polititians
Do vse to kill the effects of iniuries
And let the cause liue: shall we groane in irons,
Or be a shamefull and a waighty burthen
To a publicke scaffold: This is my resolute
I would not liue at any mans entreaty
Nor dye at any's bidding. VIT. Will you heare me?

FLA. My life hath done seruice to other men,
My death shall serue mine owne turne; make you ready

VIT. Do you meane to die indeed.

FLA. With as much pleasure
As e're my father gat me. VIT. Are the doores lockt?

ZAN. Yes Madame.

VIT. Are you growne an Atheist? will you turne your body,
Which is the goodly pallace of the soule
To the soules slaughter house? O the curst Deuill

*He enter
with two
of pistols*

Vittoria Corombona?

Which doth present vs with all other sinnes
 Thrice candied ore; Despaire with gaule and *stibium*,
 Yet we carouse it off; Cry out for helpe,
 Makes vs forsake that which was made for Man,
 The world, to sinke to that was made for deuils,
 Eternall darkenesse. Z A N. Helpe, helpe. F L A. I'll stop your
 With Winter plums, V I T. I prethee yet remember, (throate
 Millions are now in graues, which at last day
 Like Mandrakes shall rise shreeking. F L A. Leauē your prating,
 For these are but grammaticall laments,
 Feminine arguments, and they moue me
 As some in Pulpits moue their Auditory
 More with their exclamation then sence
 Of reason, or sound Doctrīne. Z A N. Gentle Madam
 Seeme to consent, onely perswade him teach
 The way to death; let him dye first.

V I T. 'Tis good, I apprehend it,
 To kill one's selfe is meate that we must take
 Like pills, not chew't, but quickly swallow it,
 The smart a'th wound, or weakenesse of the hand
 May else bring trebble torments. F L A. I haue held it
 A wretched and most miserable life,
 Which is not able to dye. V I T. O but frailty!
 Yet I am now resolu'd, farewell affliction;
 Behold *Brachiano*, I that while you liu'd
 Did make a flaming Altar of my heart
 To sacrifice vnto you; Now am ready
 To sacrifice heart and all. Fare-well *Zanche*.

Z A N. How Madam! Do you thinke that I'll out-lieue you?
 Especially when my best selfe *Flamineo*

Goes the same voiage. F L A. O most loued Moore!

Z A N. Onely by all my loue let me entreat you;

Since it is most necessary none of vs

Do violence on our selues; let you or I

Be her sad taster, teach her how to dye.

F L A. Thou dost instruct me nobly, take these pistols,

Because my hand is stain'd with bloud already;

Vittoria Corombona.

Two of these you shall leuell at my brest,
Th'other gainst your owne, and so we'le dye,
Most equally contented: But first sweare
Not to out-lieue me. VIT. & MOO. Most religiously.

FLA. Then here's an end of me: fare-well day-light
And ô contemtible Physike! that dost take
So long a study, onely to preferue
So short a life, I take my leaue of thee.
These are two cupping-glasses, that shall draw
All my infected bloud out,
Are you ready? BOTH. Ready.

FLA. Whither shall I go now? O *Lucian* thy ridiculous Pur-
gatory to finde *Alexander* the great cobling shooes, *Pompey* tag-
ging points, and *Iulius Caesar*, making haire buttons, *Haniball* sel-
ling blacking, and *Augustus* crying garlike, *Charlemaigne* selling
lifts by the dozen, and King *Pippin* crying Apples in a cart drawn
with one horse.

Whether I resolue to Fire, Earth, water, Aire,
Or all the Elements by scruples; I know not
Nor greatly care, — Shoote, shoote,
Of all deaths the violent death is best,
For from our selues it steales our selues so fast
The paine once apprehended is quite past.

VIT. What are you drop't.

FLA. I am mixt with Earth already: As you are Noble
Performe your vowes, and brauely follow mee.

VIT. Whither to hell, ZAN. To most assured damnation.

VIT. O thou most cursed deuill. ZAN. Thou art caught.

VIT. In thine owne Engine, I tread the fire out
That would haue bené my ruine.

FLA. Will you be periur'd? what a religious oath was Strix
that the Gods neuer durst sweare by and violate? ô that wee had
such an oath to minister, and to be so well kept in our Courts of
Iustice. VIT. Thinke whither thou art going. ZAN. And reméber
What villanies thou hast acted. VIT. This thy death,
Shall make me like a blazing ominous starre,
Looke vp and tremble. FLA. O I am caught with a springe!

VIT.

Shewing
pistols.

They shoot
and run to
him & tre
upon him.

Vittoria Corombona.

VIT. You see the Fox comes many times short home,
'Tis here prou'd true. FLA. Kild with a couple of braches.

VIT. No fitter offring for the infernall furies
Then one in whom they raign'd while hee was liuing.

FLA. O the waies darke and horrid! I cannot see,
Shall I haue no company? VIT. O yes thy finnes,
Do runne before thee to fetch fire from hell,
To light thee thither.

FLA. O I smell soote, most sinking soote, the chimney is a fire,
My liuers purboil'd like scotch holly-bread;
There's a plumber, laying pipes in my guts, it scalds;
Wilt thou out-liue mee? ZAN. Yes, and driue a stake
Through thy body; for we'le giue it out,
Thou didst this violence vpon thy selfe.

FLA. O cunning Deuils! now I haue tri'd your loue,
And doubled all your reaches. I am not wounded: *Flamineo*
The pistols held no bullets: 'twas a plot *riseth.*
To proue your kindnesse to mee; and I liue
To punish your ingratitude, I knew
One time or other you would finde a way
To giue me a strong potion, ô Men
That lye vpon your death-beds, and are haunted
With howling wiues, neere trust them, they'le re-marry
Ere the worme peirce your winding sheete: ere the Spider
Make a thinne curtaine for your Epitaphes.

How cunning you were to discharge? Do you practise at
the Artillery yard? Trust a woman; neuer, neuer; *Brachiano* bee
my president: we lay our soules to pawne to the Deuill for a lit-
tle pleasure, and a woman makes the bill of sale. That euer man
should marry! For one *Hypermetra* that sau'd her Lord and
husband, forty nine of her sisters cut their husbands throates all
in onenight. There was a shole of vertuous horse-leeches.
Here are two other Instruments. *Enter Lod. Gasp. Pedro, Carlo.*

VIT. Helpe, helpe.

FLA. What noise is that? hah? falce keies i'th Court.

Lod. We haue brought you a Maske, FLA. A matachine it
By your drawne swords. *(seemes,*
Church-men

· Vittoria Corombona.

Church-men turn'd reuellers. **C O N.** *Isabella, Isabella,*

L O D. Doe you know vs now? **F L A.** *Lodowico and Gasparo.*

L O D. Yes and that Moore the Duke gaue pention to
Was the great Duke of Florence. **V I T.** O wee are lost.

F L A. You shall not take Iustice from forth my hands,
O let me kill her. ——— Ile cut my fasty

Through your coates of Steele : Fate's a Spaniell,
Wee cannot beat it from vs ; what remaines now ?

Let all that doe ill, take this president :

Adam may his Fate foresee, but not preuent.

And of all Axiomes this shall winne the prise,

'Tis better to be fortunate then wise.

G A S. Bind him to the pillar. **V I T.** O your gentle pittie:

I haue seene a black-bird that would sooner fly

To a mans bosome, then to stay the gripe

Of the seirce Sparrow-hawke. **G A S.** Your hope deceities you.

V I T. If Florence be ith Court, would hee would kill mee.

G A S. Foole ! Princes giue rewards with their owne hands,
But death or punishment by the handes of others.

L O D. Sirha you once did strike mee, Ile strike you
Into the Center.

F L A. Thoul't doe it like a hangeman ; a base hangman ;
Not like a noble fellow, for thou seest

I cannot strike againe. **L O D.** Dost laugh ?

F L A. Wouldst hau me dye, as I was borne, in whining.

G A S. Recommend your selfe to heauen.

F L A. Noe I will carry mine owne commendations thither.

L O D. Oh could I kill you forty times a day
And vs't foure yeere together ; 'twere to little:

Nought greeu's but that you are to few to seede

The famine of our vengeance. What dost thinke on ?

F L A. Nothing ; of nothing : leaue thy idle questions,
I am ith way to study a long silence,

To prate were idle, I remember nothing.

Thers nothing of so infinit vexation

As mans owne thoughts. **L O D.** O thou glorious strumpet,

Could I deuide thy breath from this pure aire

Vittoria Corombona

When't leaues thy body; I would sucke it vp
And breath't vpon some dunghill. **VIT.** You, my Deaths man;
Me thinkes thou doest not looke horrid enough,
Thou hast to good a face to be a hang-man,,
If thou be doe thy office in right forme;
Fall downe vpon thy knees and aske forgiueneffe.

L O D. O thou hast bin a most prodigious comet,
But Ile cut of your traine: kill the Moore first.

VIT. You shall not kill her first. behould my breast,
I will be waited on in death; my seruant
Shall neuer go before mee. **GAS.** Are you so braue.

VIT. Yes I shall wellcome death
As Princes doe some great Embassadors; Ile meete thy weapon
halfe way. **L O D.** Thou dost tremble,
Mee thinkes feare should dissolue thee into ayre.

VIT. O thou art deceiu'd, I am to true a woman:
Conceit can neuer kill me: Ile tell thee what,
I will not in my death shed one base teare,
Or if looke pale, for want of blood, not feare.

CAR. Thou art my taske, blacke fury. **ZAN.** I haue blood
As red as either of theirs; wilt drinke some?

'Tis good for the falling sicknesse: I am proud
Death cannot alter my complexion,
For I shall neere looke pale. **L O D.** Strike, strike,
With a Ioint motion. **VIT.** 'Twas a manly blow
The next thou giu'st, murder some sucking Infant,
And then thou wilt be famous. **FLA.** O what blade is't?
A Toledo, or an English Fox.

I euer thought a Cutler should distinguish
The cause of my death, rather then a Doctor.
Search my wound deeper: tent it with the steele that made it.

VIT. O my greatest sinne lay in my blood.
Now my blood paies for't. **FLA.** Th'art a noble sister
I loue thee now; if woeman doe breed man
Shee ought to teach him manhood: Fare thee well.
Know many glorious woemen that are fam'd
For masculine vertue, haue bin vicious

Victoria Corombona?

Onely a happier silence did betyde them
Shee hath no faults, who hath the art to hide them.

VIT. My soule, like to a ship in a blacke storme,
Is driuen I know not whither. FLA. Then cast ancor.
„ Prosperity doth bewitch men seeming cleere,
„ But seas doe laugh, shew white, when Rocks are neere.
„ Wee cease to greiue, cease to be fortunes slaues,
„ Nay cease to dye by dying. Art thou gonne.
And thou so neare the bottome : false reporte
Which saies that woemen vie with the nine Muses
For nine tough durable liues : I doe not looke
Who went before, nor who shall follow mee ;
Noe, at my selfe I will begin and end:

„ While we looke vpto heauen wee confound
„ Knowledge with knowledge. O I am in a mist.

VIT. O happy they that neuer saw the Court,
„ Nor euer knew great Man but by report. *Victoria dyes.*

FLA, I recouer like a spent taper, for a flash
And instantly go out.

Let all that belong to Great men remember th'ould wifes tra-
dition, to be like the Lyons ith Tower on Candlemas day, to
mourne if the Sunne shine, for feare of the pittifull remainder of
winter to come.

'Tis well yet there's some goodnesse in my death,

My life was a blacke charnell : I haue cought

An euerlasting could. I haue lost my voice

Most irrecoverably : Farewell glorious villaines,

„ This busie trade of life appeares most vaine,

„ Since rest breeds rest, where all seeke paine by paine.

Let no harsh flattering Bels resound my knell,

Strike thunder, and strike lowde to my farewell.

Enter Embassad : and Giouanni.

ENG. E. This way, this way, breake ope the doores, this way.

LOD. Ha, are wee betraid;

Why then lets constantly dye all together,

And hauing finisht this most noble deede,

Defy the worst of fate ; not feare to bleed.

Vittoria Corombona.

ENG. Keepe backe the Prince, shoot, shoot,

Lod. O I am wounded.

I feare I shall be tane. Gio. You bloody villaines,

By what authority haue you committed

This Massakre. Lod. By thine. Gio. Mine?

Lod. Yes, thy vnckle, which is a part of thee enioyn'd vs to:

Thou knowst me I am sure, I am Count Lodowicke,

And thy most noble vnckle in disguise

Was last night in thy Court. Gio. Ha!

CAR. Yes, that Moore thy father chose his pentioner.

Gio. He turn'd murderer;

Away with them to prison, and to torture;

All that haue hands in this, shall tast our iustice,

As I hope heauen. Lod. I do glory yet,

That I can call this act mine owne: For my part,

The racke, the gallowes, and the torturing wheele

Shall bee but sound sleepes to me, here's my rest

„ I lymb'd this night-peece and it was my best.

Gio. Remoue the bodies, see my honoured Lord,

what use you ought make of their punishment.

Let guilty men remember their blacke deedes,

Do leane on crutches, made of slender reedes.

In stead of an Epilogue onely this of *Martial* supplies me.

Hac fuerint nobis premia si placui.

For the action of the play, twas generally well, and I dare affirm, with the Ioint testimony of some of their owne quality, (for the true imitation of life, without struiuing to make nature a monster) the best that euer became them: whereof as I make a generall acknowledgement, so in particular I must remember the well approued industry of my freind *Maister Perkins*, and confesse the worth of his action did Crowne both the beginning and end.

FINIS.

